



IRIS

1927

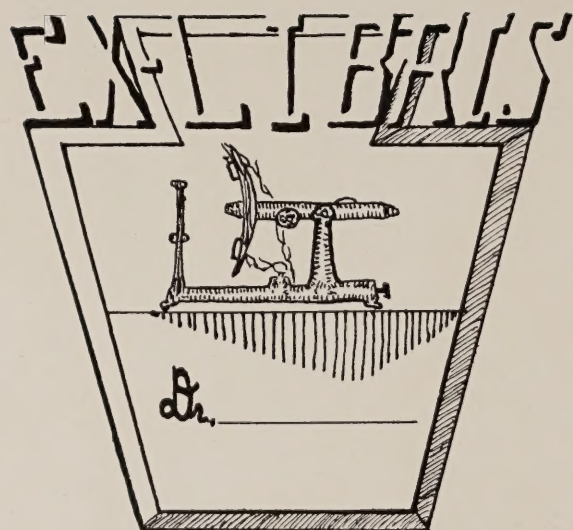
JOHN M. ROCHE, O.D.

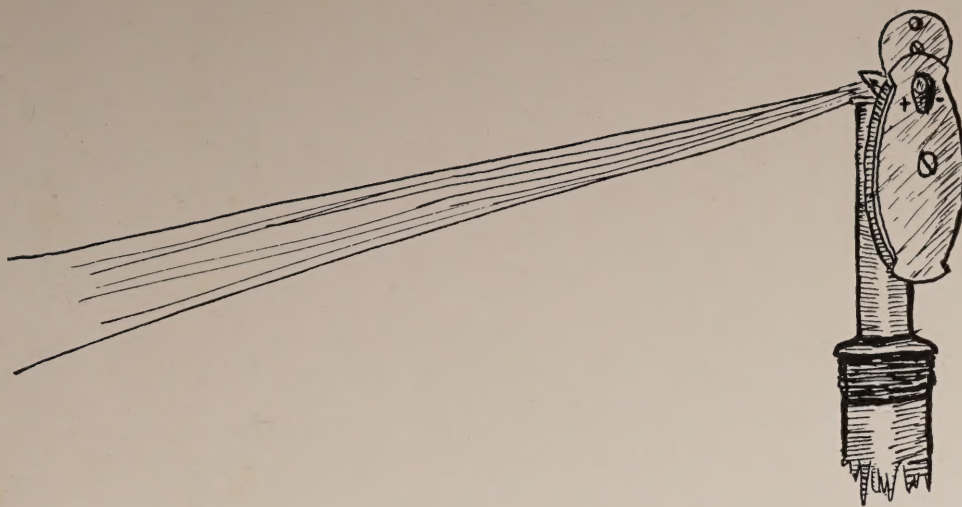
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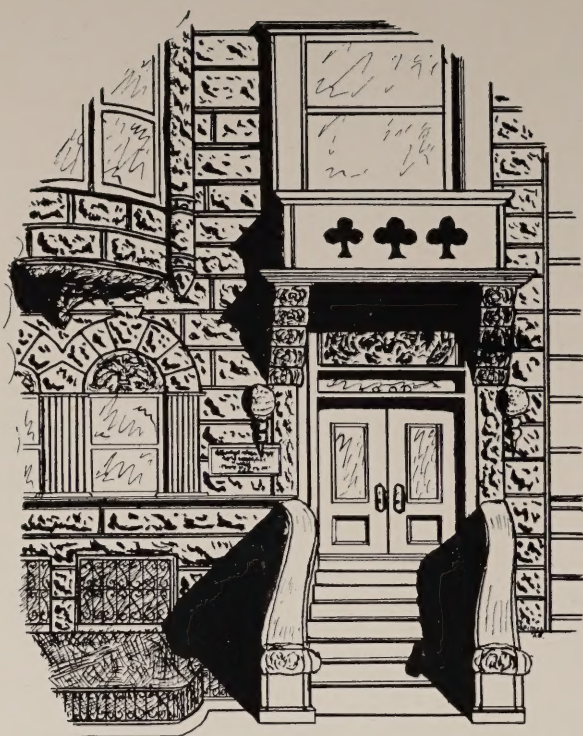


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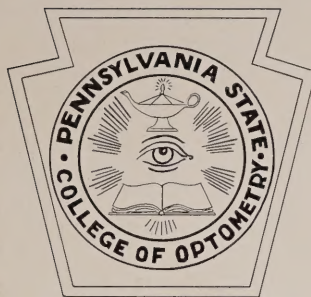




IRIS
1927

The IRIS

1927



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA
STATE COLLEGE OF OPTOMETRY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TO

Maxwell Herman, M.D.

A MAN OF WISDOM, SPEECH, AND FORESIGHT,
WHO, BECAUSE HE LOVES HIS PROFESSION HAS
DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO IT, WHO MAKES HIS
EXISTENCE A STANDARD OF THE TEACHINGS OF
HIS PROFESSION, AND WHOSE MEMORY SHALL
EVER AWAKEN WITHIN US THE BEAUTY OF LIFE
AND INSPIRE US TO A CLEANER, MORE UPRIGHT
LIFE; WE, THE CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-
SEVEN, RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE OUR IRIS, NOT
ONLY TO AN ORATOR, NOT ONLY TO A PHILOSO-
PHER, NOT ONLY TO AN OPHTHALMOLOGIST OF
RENOWN, BUT TO A MAN.



TO MY FRIENDS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

The few words penned in a Class Book usually represent the desire of the graduating class for a written picture of the writer, to be carried in the memories of the graduates. This picture characterizes him as he desired to present himself to his class. My character picture represents two ceaseless injunctions: discuss and differentiate. Even though these two words have been irritating to you, I ask that you carry with you these two injunctions, discuss and differentiate.

Discuss with yourself, always honestly, truthfully, frankly, without bias or prejudice, all problems affecting your profession. Be not influenced in your method of practice by the dictatorship of any man. Discuss these problems thoroughly, using the basic principles taught you as your foundation.

Differentiate the true from the false. Differentiate the useful from the useless things in Optometry. Differentiate the responsibilities of your profession from the responsibilities of other professions.

As professional men, protected by the state from unfair competition and unjust impositions, you are doubly obligated to discuss all problems affecting the welfare of our country, state and municipality, and to differentiate those things which are to their advantage from those which are detrimental. In return for the many hours of pleasure derived from you and your acquaintanceship, I ask that you keep these two old stand-bys of mine always before you. DISCUSS AND DIFFERENTIATE.

Your friend and teacher,

MAXWELL HERMAN, M.D.

PROLOGUE

THESE are the crude records, briefly composed, of our days at P. S. C. O. If to you, the Alumni, they bring tender memories of the times you knew and the college you love, and if from you, P. S. C. O. men of today, they draw an occasional smile and a crumb of praise, then our purpose is accomplished.

BEN M. WILSON,

Editor-in-Chief.

BEN M. WILSON

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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C. CHAUNCEY HASSEL

RUSSELL S. MANWILLER

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AARON HILFMAN

GRACE ELIZABETH KELLY

ASSOCIATES

LOUIS H. HIMES

HAROLD ROBERT MUSSELMAN

ART

IRIS STAFF





SCHOOL SONG

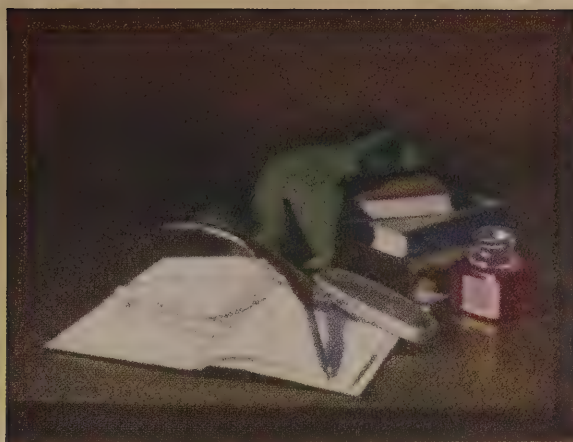
P. S. C. O.

Oh hail to old P. S. C. O.—all you loyal sons,
Oh hail to old P. S. C. O.—till the victory's won.
May the black and white wave high for many years.
Through our shouts and songs and loudly ringing cheers
You'll hear them, you'll hear them—far and near:

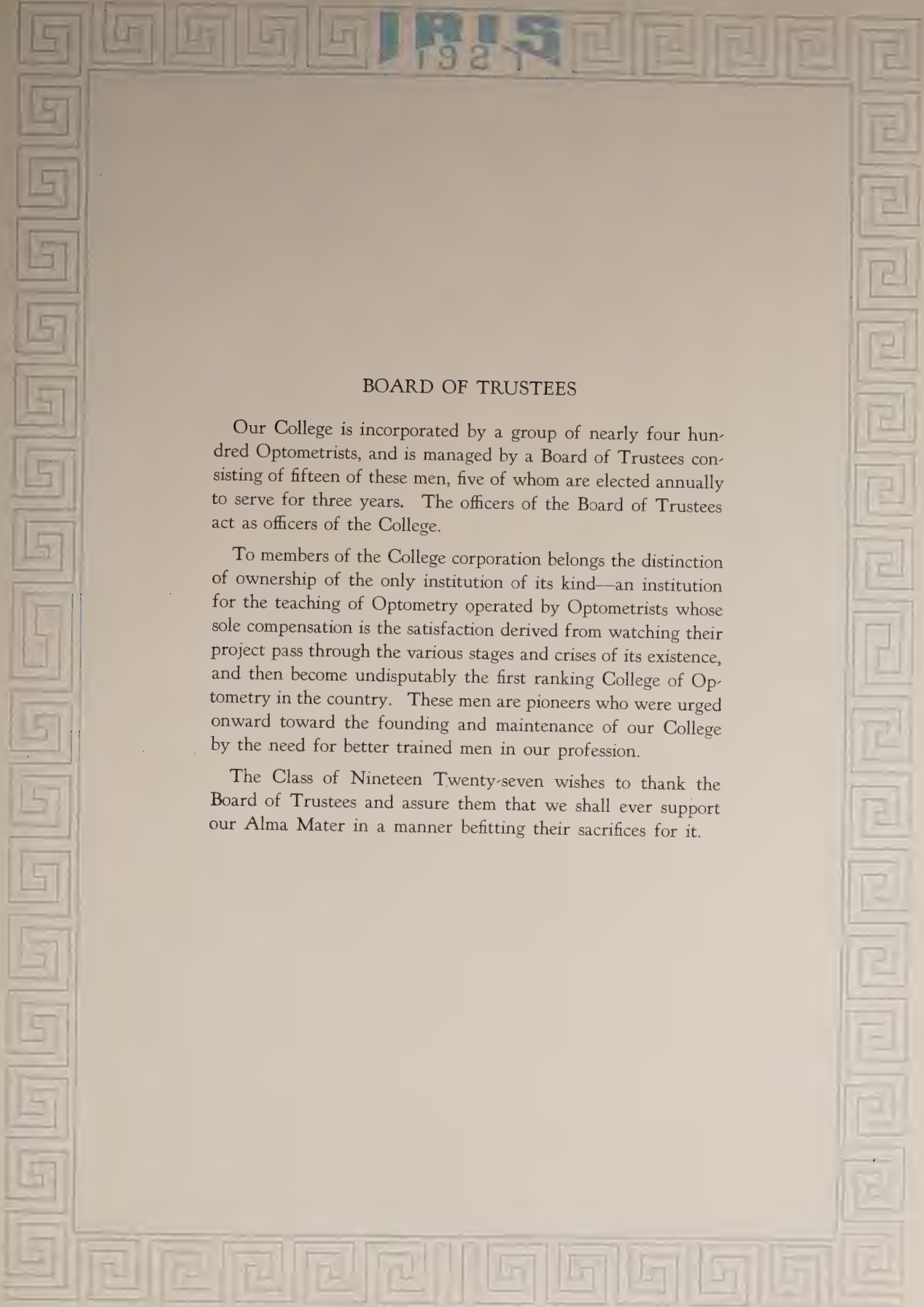
Chorus

P. S. C. O.—we'll think of you where'er we go.
Oh black and white—you fill our hearts with delight.
Though other schools may be true
To either the gold or the blue,
We'll always stick to you
Till the battle's through.
When we go, and from old Philly we part,
The days we spent beneath the black and white
Will linger in our hearts.

C. C. HASSEL, '27.



FACULTY & ADMINISTRATION



BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Our College is incorporated by a group of nearly four hundred Optometrists, and is managed by a Board of Trustees consisting of fifteen of these men, five of whom are elected annually to serve for three years. The officers of the Board of Trustees act as officers of the College.

To members of the College corporation belongs the distinction of ownership of the only institution of its kind—an institution for the teaching of Optometry operated by Optometrists whose sole compensation is the satisfaction derived from watching their project pass through the various stages and crises of its existence, and then become undisputably the first ranking College of Optometry in the country. These men are pioneers who were urged onward toward the founding and maintenance of our College by the need for better trained men in our profession.

The Class of Nineteen Twenty-seven wishes to thank the Board of Trustees and assure them that we shall ever support our Alma Mater in a manner befitting their sacrifices for it.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND OFFICERS

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EDWIN FORBES TAIT, A. B., O. D., REGISTRAR
JOSEPH BELZA, BURSAR

OUR FACULTY

It is with utmost pride and esteem that we present the members of our faculty. We liken these men to a great sculptor, ourselves to the clay to be moulded into the men and women who will represent our profession in the world. We have tried to adapt ourselves to their modeling, knowing full well their ability in their chosen fields.

Not only have they given their time and efforts in utilizing every bit of tact in an endless variety of methods to "put across" their gospel, but they have been real, true friends, whose advice we oft times sought. The time spent in learning has passed quickly, and we look back with delight and satisfaction upon the hours spent in their lectures. We have enjoyed our association with our professors and hope that some day they may pause to drop a few lines of commendation, and feel proud that they were our teachers.



ALBERT FITCH, O.D., F.P.C.O.

PROFESSOR OF OPTOMETRIC JURISPRUDENCE—ACTING DEAN

DR. FITCH, the sage of the college, is a man who can express his thoughts in more effective expressions than if he were Noah Webster, and who knows more honest-to-goodness human psychology than is contained in any encyclopedia. He has taken us through the labyrinthian halls of legislative procedure, the trials of young Optometry, and shown us the paramount in that greatest of our dreams—Professional Optometry. The versatility of our President and Dean in grasping and interpreting the many pitfalls in our profession makes him fitted, respected, and admired in this institution, the child of his brain. As he is, so is the college, for "Institutions are the lengthened shadows of great men."



EDWIN FORBES TAIT, A.B., O.D.

PROFESSOR OF THEORETIC OPTOMETRY AND PHYSIOLOGIC OPTICS—REGISTRAR

A.B. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY, 1924

GRADUATE SCHOOL UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1924-1927

DR. TAIT came to Optometry as a harbinger of a new spirit, of new ideas. His cheerfulness and companionability instilled a valuable virus of vim and enthusiasm into the embryo Optometrists at P. S. C. O. His liberal advice and criticism pointed the way for us, as Freshmen hopelessly groping about in the dark, toward the bright light of Ethics and Learning. Many future Optometric luminaries will turn back and remember with gratefulness Dr. Tait's invaluable advice. Thrice famed beyond all laudation is this studious friend and adviser of the class of '27.

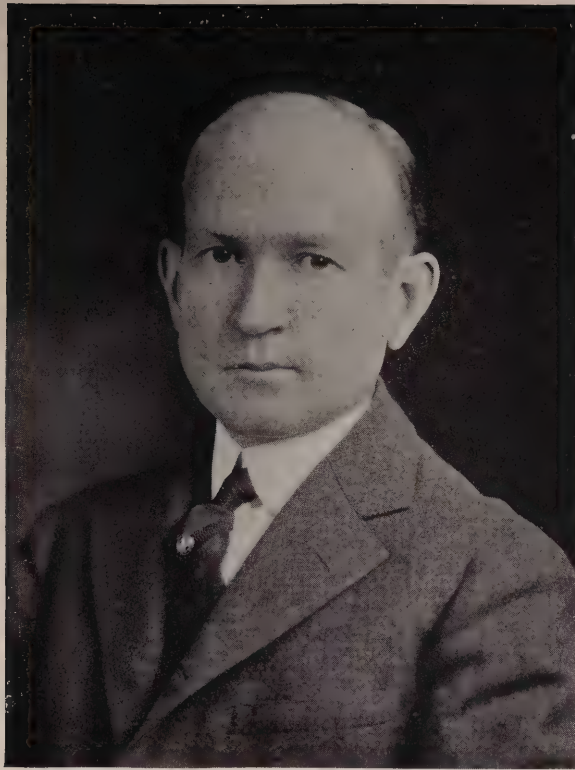


MAXWELL HERMAN, M.D.

PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY

M.D. JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE, 1909

AS A true interpreter of human nature, Dr. Herman is constantly applying psychology to life. He has about him that air of cosmopolitanism which comes only from wide travel and learning. Dr. Herman has that type of mind which spells, in satirical tones, disaster to sham—whether social, political or religious. There is no place before him for a “welcher.” A true man with a great capacity to think and feel for others irrespective of rank and condition.



H. ROSS SMITH, A.M., Ph.D.

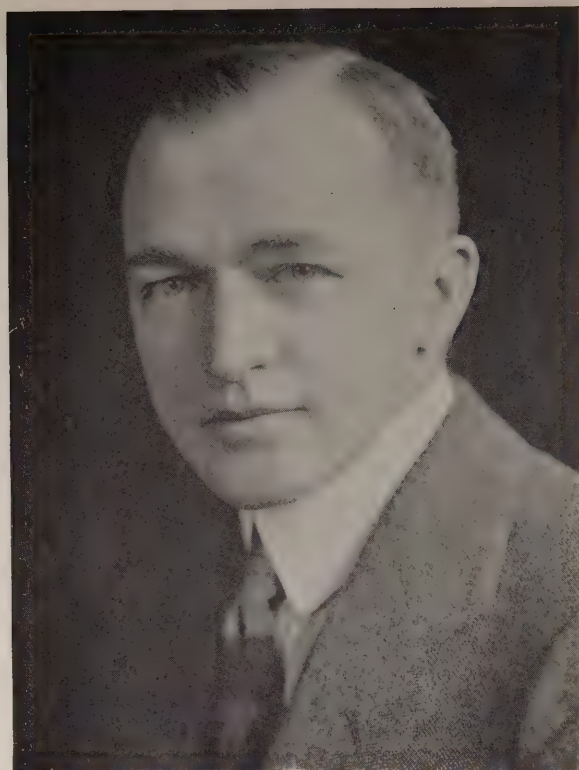
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

A.B. LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, 1906

A.M. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1911

Ph.D. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1913

IT IS decidedly fitting that a man like Dr. Smith should be the head of the Department of Mathematics of P. S. C. O. Everything about him is accuracy, exactness, precision, which we observe even in the marked uniformity of his rhythmic gait. It is a popular belief that he even schedules the number of smiles and moments of mirth in which he is going to indulge that day. Truly, "A great mathematician who cannot squelch his blushes."



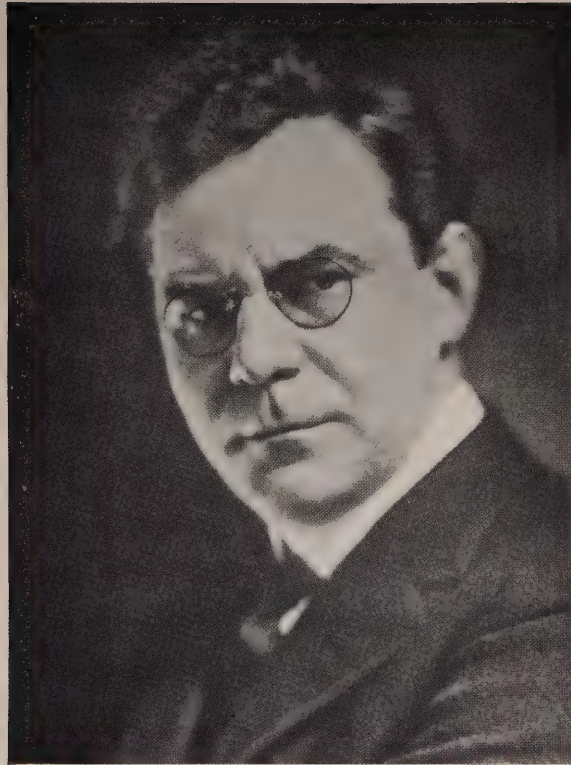
ROBERT BRUCE MORRIS, Ph.B.

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS

Ph.B. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, 1908

GRADUATE SCHOOL UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1923-1927

CONSTANT association with all branches of science has not yet succeeded in giving Dr. Morris that acidness of character so common in students of Darwin and Payne. The study of their theories, however, has endowed him with great kindness toward dumb animals, which explains why he loves his students so dearly. Through Dr. Morris we have come to introspect mere tons, appreciate ounces, and to stand in awe of Newton, Galileo and Archimedes.

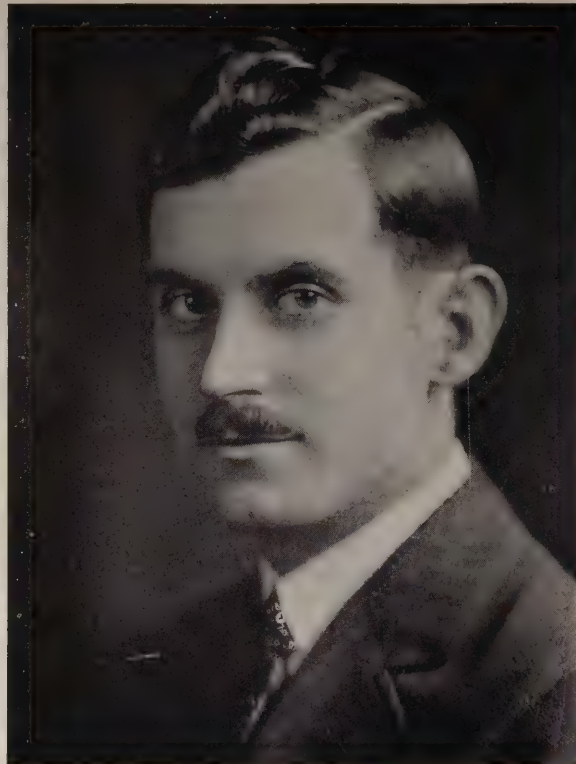


JULIUS NEUMUELLER, B.S. in M.E., O.D.

PROFESSOR OF THEORETIC OPTICS

B.S. in M.E. INDUSTRIAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE, MUNICH, BAVARIA, 1908
O.D. PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE OF OPTOMETRY, 1924

FROM the far-off coasts of Europe came Dr. Neumueller to teach us, aye to drill us, to force us, to cram us with his abominable T. O. He is a disciple of the old German school of discipline, where refinement, love and learning are well mixed with training in obedience and efficiency. We appreciate his man-to-man speeches, enjoy his classes and admire him as a man and teacher. He is always in good spirit, even though the beer we do get here is not so good.



EDWARD WESTBURGH, B.S.

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY

B.S. WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, 1922

GRADUATE SCHOOL UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1925-1926

PSYCHIATRY, PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL OF SOCIAL AND HEALTH WORK, 1923

DR. WESTBURGH has a many-faceted personality. True, he has done brilliant research work, but his chief talent lies in his innate ability to extract jokes from the "sublime passages" of Wentworth. This ability has been unfailingly successful in driving away the tediousness that accompanies such a subject as Dr. Westburgh teaches.



JOSEPH B. DEISSLER, O.D.

PROFESSOR OF MECHANICAL OPTICS

O.D. NEW ORLEANS OPTOMETRICAL COLLEGE, 1913

DR. DEISSLER, or more recently, "Dr. Duzieme," presides over a congregation whether as teacher or jester with the deftness of a born actor. He believes with Emerson that "conversation is the laboratory and a jest the tool of the student." His ability as an instructor in the art of grinding, together with his ability as a jokesmith, has made Dr. Duzieme popular, even with the fair sex.



HENRY G. RUTLEDGE, C.E., A.M.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

C.E. PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, 1917

A.M. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1924

DR. RUTLEDGE has that soothing manner of teaching that keeps the class interested and "pounds home" the lesson at the same time. Any man who can successfully teach differentiation and integration could sell Kryptok lenses to an amblyope, and such a man is he, for he "sold" his subject to us through his cool, unassuming bearing.



GEORGE A. MACELREE, JR., O.D.

INSTRUCTOR IN THEORETIC OPTICS

O.D. PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE OF OPTOMETRY, 1924

ANYTIME anything goes wrong, or we need advice or a few cheery words, or "we wonder whether this patient has pathology," we just have to run up and ask Dr. MacElree—he is always ready to give us the help we need to go ahead with the work. He possesses that gift of being able to see things as we see them, making him loved as well as respected by every one of us.



WILSON S. HANKINS, A.B.

INSTRUCTOR IN CHEMISTRY

A.B. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY, 1925

DR. HANKINS has been kept busy in the last few years denying knowing anything about a certain branch of synthetic chemistry. And here of late he has been kept still busier by the annexation of the title "Keeper of the Outer Office and Clinical Czar," which was conferred upon him by a unanimous vote of Dr. Fitch. Hankins has always kept us interested in his subject through his uncanny ability to intersperse his lectures with a bit of wit, and has kept the Seniors interested in the clinic through another ingenious method.



JOHN M. ROCHE, O.D.

INSTRUCTOR IN MECHANICAL OPTICS

O.D. PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE OF OPTOMETRY, 1927

HERE's Dr. Roche, he of the bridge bending fingers and the rule for decentration. He acts as a beacon, sitting in the office to direct us to our next class. We have been fortunate in having him with us in the capacity of M. O. Lab. general. "Come on, Seniors, up in the lab." We want to thank Dr. Roche for his many lifts and his advice, that have kept us out of trouble many times.



JOSEPH BELZA

BURSAR

BEHOLD "Jesse James" Belza, he of much embonpoint and Recruit cigars. He carries as his weapon, instead of a gun, a nitrous oxide smile—it goes a long way toward making his extractions painless. Mr. Belza is conscientious and untiring in his efforts, but always has time for a good joke and a few smiles. He was well liked, so well liked, in fact, that we'll remember him and his frontal convexity even after the pain of his duties has worn off.

PIONEERS OF THE PRESENT

BY GEORGE A. MACELREE, JR., O. D.

NOAH WEBSTER, that peer of lexicographers, gives us the following lucid exposition of the word "pioneer":

"—One who goes before to prepare the way for another—"

It is debatable if any other definition of the word so well expresses its hidden meaning. Read it once more, and note the discouragement, pathos, self-sacrifice and yet triumph that lies within. Most of us would have indeed obtained our earthly desideratum if we could be placed in this classification.

History is replete with the names and achievements of pioneers. The word itself summons to our minds the outstanding events of the past centuries. True; they have not always borne this name, pioneers; for time exerts a miraculous influence upon nomenclature. But call that what you will,—Argonauts, Crusaders, Conquistadores, Merchant Adventurers; or any of the countless list which denotes those who have placed the championing of a cause before all else, the meaning is the same. In the past, most of these pioneering movements were vociferously religious or political in nature, and as such did not inspire all creeds and nations alike. Few, indeed are they who have pioneered in the spirit of Milton's apothegm—

"They also serve who simply stand and wait."

In the present era we are prone to conclude that pioneering was an attribute of the past and perished with the past. Such a conclusion has absolutely no basis in fact. Geographically it is partially true, although at least every fortnight a scientific expedition leaves America for one of the least explored parts of the globe. It may well be contested that these do not well compare in numbers to those of former years. Then we must look elsewhere for our pioneers; and after careful search, where shall we find more than in the professions, and to be more explicit, in the profession of Optometry. It may well be said that whereas the pioneering of the past was generally physical in character, present day pioneering is intellectual in type. This is doubtless due to the great changes that have taken place in economic policies.

The two most firmly established professions at this time are practically through with pioneering. Optometry, on the contrariwise, is in the midst of it. Every few days we who are in the profession are aware of new advances to be made, new positions to be taken, new trials to endure, new difficulties to surmount, new triumphs to be won. For if at times the way of the pioneer is beset with irksome perplexities, it must be remembered that the characters whom history has deigned to mention are those distinguished as defenders of some new cause. Conjure to your mind any great historical figure, and you will, upon analysis, perceive that the man was nothing, the cause everything.

We members of the pioneer graduating classes of the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry; and the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-seven may well be included in this category, have to commence our life work in the midst of pioneering. To those of us who have been in practice a few short years, the way oft times seems too rugged, and the game not worth the candle. We have met with numerous discouragements, but due to our training have triumphed over them. When we lose sight of the present, however, and cast our vision afar across the future we became so engrossed with the view that the petty strife of the present dwindles to its proper dimensions and loses itself in the glorious perspective. Then, to slightly paraphrase Keat's immortal words—

“ . . . felt we like the watchers of the skies
When a new planet swims into their ken—
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

Such vistas are not always placed before us, and it is natural that without them we should become discouraged. Such is more or less the condition of the classes who have already graduated from our Alma Mater. Never before have we of the Alumni needed to have added to our ranks more real men, imbued and inspired with a new optimism for Optometry.

May the graduating class of the Pennsylvania State College for the year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-seven fulfill this condition and prove an invaluable augmentation to the preceding classes.



SENIORS





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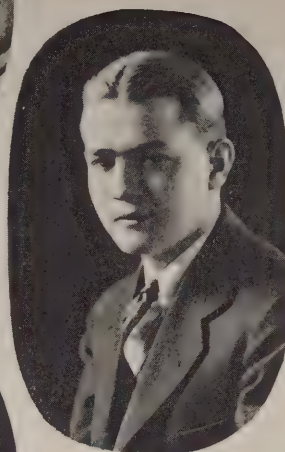
1927



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President



John D. Engle
Treasurer



H.R. Musselman
V. President



Grace E. Kelly
Secretary

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS.



RICHARD E. ANTON, O.D.

ROCKLEDGE, PA.

"Dick"

Φ Θ E

Central High School.

Here we present the "plugginest" plugger who ever plugged. "Dick" was all of that, and is married, too. Whenever the boys might decide to go to a show or see a movie, "Dick" would always say, "I'm goin' home to the wife." He has a passion for cars—and Fords, too. The "Lizzie" he had saw hard service, especially on the Harrisburg trip. Ask him about the four flat tires, and listen to his sad, sad tale. He has advanced—now he has a Buick. He deserves everything he has for he strives mightily.

LESTER L. BEACHER, O.D.

NEW YORK CITY

"Les"

Γ Ω Φ

Gymnasium, Czechoslovakia.

Rhodes Prep. School.

College of City of New York.

Versatile—the word fits him in its true meaning. He typifies power, personality, success—a man with a future. His marked characteristic is his passion for learning and to teach what he has learned to his classmates. We will ever remember his lectures before State Boards. "Les" was the scholar of the class all through the course.

Associate Editor of the IRIS.

Graduation Committee.





HUBERT E. BOOTH, O.D.

CATAWBA, N. C.

"Colonel"

Φ Θ Ε

Catawba High School.

Mars Hill College.

University of N. C.

Veni, vidi, vici—so he did, friends. "Colonel" first thought he would study medicine, but later transferred his affections to Optometry. That suited us, for he is a genuine southern gentleman and his friendship is treasured by all of us. And just gaze upon him. It is any wonder girls all fall for him? We think not, and greatly envy his ready smile and pleasing disposition.

G. RUSSELL BUSER, O.D.

MCKEESPORT, PA.

"Russ"

Ω Δ

Carnegie Institute of Technology.
Columbia University.

Here is a man, dear reader, who has a name which is misspelled and mispronounced more than any name we ever did hear. We would like to give you the mispronounced version, but he abhors the sound, as well as the sight of it, so we desist, for "we aim to please." "Russ" is determined to show the folks "back home where men are men, etc., just what a professional Optometrist can do, and if we know him we feel confident he will do all of that with the assistance of his "better half." "Russ" was an exceptional student.





JOHN D. ENGLE, O.D.

"Hotsie Totsie"

HAZLETON, PA.

Φ Θ Ε

Hazleton High School.

From: One who should know.

To: Those who should like to know.

Via: The IRIS of 1927.

Subject: "Hotsie Totsie's" stay at P. S. C. O.

During this period the confined has exhibited several marked traits, namely these:

- a. General characteristic: Chesterfield complex of long standing.
- b. Marked characteristic; unmentionable.
- c. Accomplishments: wearing the brightest socks in captivity and breaking mirrors.

There has never been a vote to determine our best looking student, we believe, since such a contest is impossible—it would be a one-man contest and that man would be "Hotsie Totsie."

Class Treasurer, '26 and '27.

Athletic Council, '25, '26, and '27.

Associate Business Manager of the IRIS.

MOSES FRAGIN, O.D.

SCRANTON, PA.

"Moe"

Γ Ω Φ

Scranton Central High School.

Here is a fellow who has very little to say, but compensates for this in deeds. He was a good student and a loyal supporter of class activities, who could always be depended upon when we needed him. We just can't fathom "Moe" in regards to his views on the "femmes." He swears in public that he is a woman hater, but smiles when we ask him about the "girl back home." However, no matter who she is, if she gets "Moe" she's good.

Basketball, '25.

Track, '25.





RICHARD R. FRAMPTON, O.D.

LATROBE, PA.

"Dick"

Φ Θ Ε

Latrobe High School.
Washington and Jefferson College.

P. S. C. O. is noted for three things—its campus, its Bull Pen, and "Dick" Frampton. If you do not already have his complete biography, which space prevents our printing here, let us send it to you at once. It is a liberal education. In his sojourn with us "Dick" discovered several things, chief among these being infinity, at which he gazed oft times. He also found a new use for the telephone directory. "Dick" was a basketball player of no mean ability.

Assistant Basketball Manager, '25.
Basketball Team, '25, '26, '27.

MATTHEW H. FRANCIS, O.D.

CALIFORNIA, PA.

"Matt"

Φ Θ Ε

Massanutten Academy.

No, dear reader, "Matt" was not the writer of "California Here I Come." "Matt" is noted for something far better. He is by far the best reciter of Robert Service's poems we've ever heard, and, like artists, he is bashful about "doing his stuff" and has to be coaxed to recite. "Matt's" an unreformable smoker of Pittsburgh stogies, and a reg'lar feller all the way through. If you can get "Matt" to recite, then "you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

Treasurer of Athletic Association, '27.





LEON A. GERSON, O.D.

MIAMI, FLORIDA

"Lee"

Northeast High School.
Pennsgrove High School.

We must compliment "Lee" on his good judgment for sacrificing the warm sea breezes of Florida for Philadelphia climate in order to graduate with the Class of '27. And could he play the saxophone? Well, no one really knows for we couldn't bear the agony long enuf to really decide, but we are told that his ability as a sax player is in direct proportion to the distance he travels to go home.

Pennoptic News Staff, '25

HARRY GOLDSTEIN, O.D.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"Harry"

New Haven High School.

To the average stranger Harry appears quiet and reserved. He believes that a still mouth shows a wise head, and this is exactly the case with Harry, for his viewpoint in a matter of importance is always of great value. About the only noise he was ever known to make was when he played his mandolin, and we know that was noise ever since that day Dr. Morris taught us the difference between noise and music.





HAROLD A. HAHN

NEW YORK CITY

"Hal"

Φ Θ Ε

Rhodes Prep. School.

Gaze upon him! Is it any wonder the fair sex cry for him? And despite his fair physiognomy he is a confirmed bachelor and proud of it. "Hal" is one of those chaps who believes in thinking twice before speaking and then speaking to himself. He is an untiring worker, having proven to us many times that diligence wins and proves the old adage that "the meek shall inherit the earth."

OSCAR HAMILTON HALE, O.D.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Oscar" "OK"

Abington High School.

Lehigh University.

The smooth, unruffled calm of the tropics is exemplified in this young man as in no other. Be it quiz, State Board, marriage, no matter, he goes serenely on his way. Oscar was a free man when we embarked on our Optometric cruise, but recently he succumbed to the wiles of a "maiden fair" and is now numbered among our "gotta go home" group. Oscar sure is the type who is a friend when you want one, and one of "Jawn" J. McGraw's most ardent rooters.





C. CHAUNCEY HASSEL, O.D.

McKeesport, PA.

"Chaunce"

Φ Θ Ε

Θ Δ γ

McKeesport High School.
University of Pittsburgh.

Hail our president, the fashion plate in socks and ties! Do you ever tune in on WOO? If you do, then you know "Chaunce," 'cause he once broadcast his ukulele's undulations over said station. No foolin' he was a real red-hot entertainer, being able to play the uke and sing in the same key and at the same time. He was a first-class student, too, and, pray tell, what else could a guy be? We're proud of our president!

Class President, '25 and '27.
Chairman Show Comm., '26.
Athletic Council, '25.
Associate Editor of the IRIS.

WM. A. HAUSSMANN, O.D.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Bill"

Ω Δ

Northeast High School.

"Bill" is another member of the distinguished Haussmann family, known throughout the Optometric world as men of great strength, power, and integrity in their chosen professions. He is the youngest branch of the family tree and from all indications we know he will not be the sap. For a man so small in stature he wields a mighty ball in his favorite sport of bowling. He has always been a strong defender of bachelorhood, but lately—we wonder?????? "Mr. President, I object."





W. JEROME HEATHER, O.D.

OAK LANE, PA.

"Jerry"

Φ Θ E

Temple University.

Here is the one man in our class who will never become bald. Not as long as "Van Ness" still maintains his hair restorer. "Jerry" is another of our married men—very much, in fact, for he is the daddy of as fine a boy and girl as old Philly can boast of. He is ever ready to tell you the story of the old colored gentleman who drank three buckets of water, full size buckets, too; or of the refractoscope to come from his "never to be bald" head. Don't misunderstand, folks, he's a regular pal and friend.

AARON HILFMAN, O.D.

SCRANTON, PA.

"Hank"

Γ Ω Φ

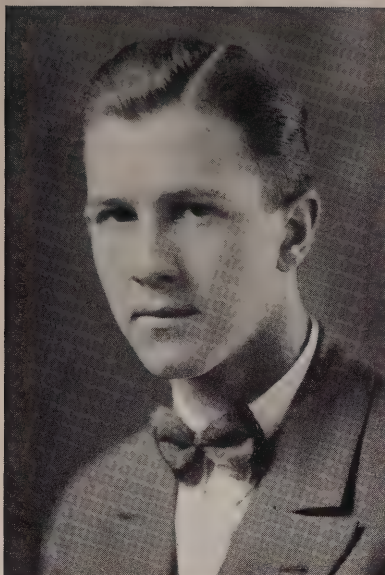
Scranton Central High School.

Here, boys, we present our "Hank" from the land of coal. "Hank" was a darned good scout with a heart like a hotel—room for everybody. And a cardiac system pumping lots of warm blood. "Hank" boasts of knowing all the ins and outs of nystagmus, being nearly as efficient in studies and State Boards as he is in soliciting ads—a real worker, but one of those chaps who stand in the background and wait for someone to "bust" before he runs up to show his mettle.

Basketball, '25, '26, '27.

Associate Business Manager of the Iris.





LOUIS H. HIMES, O.D.

CAMP HILL, PA.

"Lou"

Ω Δ

Harrisburg Technical High School.

Draw near, my friends, and you shall hear of our friend "Lou" and his college career. During his youngster year he was absolutely unable to comprehend the necessity of frosh regulations, and to this day is wondering "why they did it." "Lou" is an artist of no mean ability. We believe he wants to specialize in strabismus, and feel sure that if we can judge from his clinic record there won't be any kids in his neighborhood with an angle kappa.

Basketball, '26.

Art Editor *Pennoptic News*, '25.

Art Staff of the IRIS, '27.

Athletic Council, '27.

LAWRENCE L. HOWE, O.D.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

"Howe"

Φ Θ Ε

Clearfield High School.
University of Michigan.

"Got a cigarette?" We present here with the inspiration of the song "Pretty Peggy," not that he is a song writer, but, well, 'nuf said; another word would betray Howe's *secret*. Look at the athletic section and see just what our team did under Howe's guidance. As a forward he was a wow, and as a captain he was two wows. Howe was a stellar character both as a student and as a friend. "Got a cigarette?"

Vice-President Class, '25.

Vice-President Athletic Association, '26.

Pennoptic News Staff.

Basketball, '25, '26, '27.

Captain Basketball, '25, '27.





GRACE E. KELLY, O.D.

Oxford, PA.

"Grace"

Oxford High School.

Meet our co-ed. No better friend than Grace ever lived. She was liked and deeply respected by all of her classmates, to whom she was always ready and willing to lend a helping hand. Grace took an active part in all class and college activities and performed her many duties in an amiable manner. Her ever pleasing smile will always be a fond remembrance to us. We are proud to have been Grace's classmates and shall ever remember her ultra pleasing manner. Your "boy friends" wish you lots of luck, Grace.

Class Secretary, '25, '26, '27.

Secretary Athletic Association, '26.

Pennoptic News Staff.

Associate Business Manager of the IRIS.

CHARLES E. KOLB, O.D.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

"Dutch," "Grandpap"

Φ Θ Ε

Williamsport High School.

'Apollpo, n'est-ce pas? One glance at this picture will convince you that "Dutch" deserves all the second glances he gets from the opposite sex—those broad shoulders, that pleasing smile, that chin, those nose. This dashing looking chap is one of the assets of our class. He jumped center for the basketball team for three years and made us forget our troubles with his clever sayings and puns. Our class without "Dutch" would have seemed like a corpse without a hearse.

Basketball, '25, '26, '27.





GILMORE W. KUSCHEL, O.D.
QUAKERTOWN, PA.

"Kutcher"

Φ Θ Ε

Quakertown High School.

When Helmholtz died we thought there would never be another to take his place, but lo, up sprang "Kutcher" to supplant "Von" and if Helmholtz were living today he would look on with envy. Why, he even originated formulas in T. O. that no one had ever dreamed of before. We believe that "Kutcher" and Dr. Neumueller must be relatives—they're so different. "Kutcher" stood behind all our activities and was a loyal P. S. C. O. supporter. "Three nites make one weak."

RUSSELL S. MANWILLER, O.D.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Russ"

Φ Θ Ε

West Philadelphia High School.

Behold our literary member, an accomplished journalist, and peculiarly fitted for his position as Associate Editor of the IRIS. "Russ" is a good student as well as a hard worker—always ready to assume the arduous tasks that somebody else didn't want. He is now enjoying (?) the state of single blessedness, but not for long, if we know "Russ." Follow your dad's steps, "Russ," and you can't go wrong.

Associate Editor of the IRIS.





HAROLD R. MUSSELMAN, O.D.

ALLENTOWN, PA.

"Muss"

Φ Θ Ε

Allentown High School

Visualize a boy with beautiful blonde hair, pretty blue eyes, a winsome smile, and commanding personality and you have our "Muss." No, girls, we believe he has not yet been captured, but has been attacked many times. "Muss" was both an artist and a student of first rank. Not rank, but rank. If you don't believe what we started out with, just look at this picture, and watch it smile. Come on, Muss, show those dimples.

Pennoptic News Staff.
Vice-President of Class '27.
Art Editor of the IRIS.

HARRY T. NOZ, O.D.

ABINGTON, PA.

"Harry"

Northeast High School.

Harry is one of those men who make it necessary for mustache cups to be manufactured, as the accompanying photo shows, but it is a creation which some few of our men would be proud to be able to display. Here is a man who has had some experience in Optometric work, and perceiving the wonderful opportunity in our chosen profession, proceeded to make the most of it. He has done nobly. Harry was always glad to share his knowledge, and we want to thank him for his assistance.





EMANUEL C. NUROCK, O.D.

CAMDEN, N. J.

"Manny"

Λ Μ Φ

Camden High School.
Temple University.

"Yes, I come from Camden; who wants to know?" Most of the boys have a failing for Women, but "Manny" has a failing for *woman*. He's a chap with bearing and an air of assurance, and wouldn't you think a fella that had these qualities would be a first-class student? You're right, he was among the first in scholarship. They tell us that he soon intends to become us. Lots of luck, Manny.

WILLIAM B. REEVES, O.D.

WHITEHEAD, N. C.

"Al"

Φ Θ Ε

Sparta High School.
Hargrave Military Academy.

The people of Whitehead were surely unfortunate when "Al" left to pursue his studies in Philadelphia, but for every loss there must be a gain, and we are the winners. It is really difficult to characterize "Al" because he is almost everything. "Al" liked to stand on train platforms or walk through the coaches while traveling, which seems paradoxical for a chap with a quiet, reserved manner like "Al."





EARL H. RIDGEWAY, O.D.

TRENTON, N. J.

"Ridge"

Φ Θ E

Wyoming Seminary.
Columbia University.

And here, gentle reader, we present a man among men. "Ridge" was the orator of the college through our three years. He was a fellow of silver tongue, rare judgment, good sportsmanship and had a real sense of humor. We are proud to have been his classmates, and as time flies on, expect to find him one of the leaders in organization work. "Come down some time and see our baby."

Editor-in-chief *Pennoptic News*, '25.

Class Chairman, '26.

Chairman Graduation Committee.

JOHN M. ROCHE, O.D.

SCRANTON, PA.

"John"

Ω Δ

St. Thomas' College.

An able instructor was John, and a man who was ever ready to lend a helping hand. He hails from the wilds of Scranton, up where coal is hard, etc., and we know that a great number of these coal miners are goin' to do better work after John examines and prescribes. He can bend a bridge to fit any nose, and if it shouldn't fit, well—the fault lies with the nose and not with John. We enjoyed his fellowship both as an instructor and a student and want to offer him our sincerest thanks for the assistance he gave us and wish him heaps of luck.





HARVEY PHIL ROSS, O.D.

DURHAM, N. C.

"Bull"

Φ Θ Ε

East Durham High School.
Trinity Park School.
Duke University.
Wake Forest College.

Tune in, folks, on station I R I S broadcasting on a wave length of 1927 and we will tell you of our "Bull." Really though, the name doesn't apply as you can easily judge from the accompanying photo. "Bull" was a good-hearted guy and an athlete, playing guard on the team for three years, and doing it ably. He also assisted "Dick" Frampton in the latter's experiments and research work in looking at infinity.

Athletic Council, '25.
Class President, '26.
Basketball, '25, '26, '27.
Captain Basketball, '26.
Associate Editor of the IRIS.

JOHN RAY SCHAFFER, O.D.

STATESVILLE, N. C.

"Shafe"

Φ Θ Ε

Statesville Graded School.
Washington Collegiate Institute.

Lest we forget the pride of Statesville, gaze upon "Shafe." He not only is the pride of the southland, but we northerners are proud to have associated with him. "Shafe" was a hard worker, not being gifted with the art of bluff, so common to college students. He worked for everything he has and knows it belongs to him. They tell us a story about a certain nurse who—

Graduation Committee.





JACK SILVERSTEIN

RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.

"Jack"

Γ Ω Φ

Richmond Hill High School.
B. C. S., New York University.

Verily, a student and a scholar. Jack was one of those fellows whom the Almighty endowed with a lovable disposition and delightful personality. Such a student was he that in his spare time he tutored, and was well prepared, through his command of his faculties—he was quick witted in spite of his easy manner. "Regards to the boys." Patience is rewarded with patients.

Athletic Council, '26, '27.

WILSON N. SMITH, O.D.

TROY, PA.

"Smitty"

Ω Δ

(Θ chapter)

Troy High School.
Rochester School of Optometry.

What rare judgment "Smitty" showed when he transferred to P. S. C. O. to graduate with the Class of '27. We are all glad that he did, for we have come to know and love him. He has a sound knowledge of the sciences and is capable of putting this knowledge into practice. He immediately entered into the spirit of our class and in about no time we knew him as one of us as though he had been with us since our freshman year.





SHARON S. STOREY, O.D.

ARNOLD, PA.

"Jack"

Φ Θ Ε

Kittanning High School.

In "Jack" we have the business ability of Andrew J. Mellon, the reasoning power of Solomon, and the Optometric genius of Helmholtz, Maddox, Landolt, and Laurance. That is saying a lot, but we are speaking of "Jack" and it would be hard to say too much. As a student he was "there" and it can be judged from the list of activities that he had much to do with the success of our class. And, too, Cupid's arrow hit the spot, and now he has plenty to do.

Class Treasurer, '25.

Pennoptic News Staff, '25.

Manager Basketball Team, '26.

President Athletic Association, '27.

Business Manager of the IRIS.

JULES SUPNICK, O.D.

CAMDEN, N. J.

"Jules"

Φ Θ Ε

Camden High School.

Here is a man from "across the water," and actually boasts of it. He is another one of the boys who was engaged in Optometric work, and seeing the opportunities offered by our college, proceeded to take advantage of them. He likes to bowl and makes the same kind of success at bowling that he does at everything else.





BEN M. WILSON, O.D.

TRENTON, N. J.

"Ben"

Γ Ω Φ

Trenton High School.

Here is a man who typifies the old adage, "To know him is to love him." Ben was a first rate student and an able worker and leader who had the respect of all of us. Could we say more? This book is his fault and we know he sacrificed many hours with "my honey" to put them on the book. He was marked not only as a literary man, as you would suspect, but as an organizer and leader. He "knew his stuff" and didn't hide it.

Associate Editor *Pennoptic News*.
Editor-in-Chief of the *IRIS*.



SENIOR HISTORY

THREE long years have passed since the Class of Twenty-seven entered the gates of the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry. These were the gates to Education and Professionalism, through which we have passed to elevate us to a plane above the older men of our profession. We stand not on a plateau, for a plateau carries with it existence on the same level, but we are ever climbing upward toward the peak of that endless mountain of professional leadership and self satisfaction, looking back upon the point of beginning—our college days.

We spent the first days of our college career investigating the general appearance of the buildings, within and without. The Bull Pen with its lockers strung along the walls immediately attracted our attention as our future lodging place between classes. Since, much advice has been given us by our chief engineer "Bill," who was kind to us and took a joke as a joke. The classrooms and laboratories held a terror for us, but before the day was over we were acquainted with the reason for all those peculiar looking instruments. They were, we learned, for our benefit. The first few days were spent in an eager desire to acquaint ourselves with everyone and everything around us.

As Freshmen we had several special functions to perform, to our displeasure, such as wearing black ties and white sox, etc. Most of us weathered through the regulations with the exception of "Al" Reeves who took a rather impromptu bath in the Parkway Fountain, and "Lou" Himes, who moved around slowly for a few days bearing the finger prints in iodine of a few of the Juniors on his forehead. The spirit, nevertheless, was there, and hopes for the upper hand the following year gave us inspiration to carry out the regulations.

The class organization, together with a constitution, made matters easier by placing a few in charge to carry on the leadership of the group and help us in our difficulties with the faculty. The class officers were: President, C. C. Hassel; Vice-President, L. L. Howe; Secretary, Grace E. Kelly; Treasurer, Sharon S. Storey. This organization carried us through until the following year.

The members of the faculty were kind to us, poor frosh, handing out their material in as digestible a form as possible. Dr. Smith came down with a crash and held us under tension for a while, while Dr. Morris kept our minds busy in an effort to prove why perpetual motion is impossible. Dr. Herman was confined to his bed for nearly three months, during which time we missed his fatherly advice, but during his presence made up for lost time and proved his ability as a lecturer. Those long technical words which came from Dr. Tait's mouth sure sounded like foreign to us but in due time became part of us. These men, together with Dr. Liachowitz and his old T. O., did their best to prepare us for the work in Optometry, and it is our opinion that they didn't fail.

We have given our spirit to our college in return for the knowledge we received. Our class started the College paper *'The Pennoptic News'* under the editorship of Earl H. Ridgeway. "Lou" Himes made a handsome design for bag stickers, which we have since used to adorn our luggage. In athletics our class started well with Ross, Howe, Kolb, Frampton, Hilfman, and Fragin, the first five of whom have won three letters each in basketball. We pushed all student activities, including holidays, with all our might and co-operated to work everything in a smooth manner.

When we became Juniors, our first aim was to lay down a set of regulations for the guidance of the frosh. Judge Booth was called upon a few times to mete out penalties, but in the main the frosh realized our superiority and obeyed. We soon elected officers for the Junior year. They were: President, Harvey Ross; Vice-President, Joseph Mullin; Secretary, Grace E. Kelly; Treasurer, John D. Engle. Toward the middle of the year, however, Ross became active captain of the basketball team and since he could no longer devote enough time to his office of presidency, his plea for release resulted in the election of Earl H. Ridgeway as class chairman.

During this year the faculty burdened us with more work than before. Dr. Tait didn't fail to assign to us six theses within a limited time, while Dr. Neumueller made us run to catch up to his formulas, and being a bit jealous of Dr. Tait's ability to extract theses from us, had us write one on the wave theory of light. We hope he appreciated the labor and recognized our ability as originators of new theories in T. O. The differences among state laws were well covered by Dr. Fitch, whose ability as a political Optometrist is lauded far and wide. Dr. Rutledge did his best to acquaint us with derivatives and integration, while Dr. Westburgh made our course in Psychology interesting by mixing "Sex" with "Attention" and "Emotions." The year concluded with the result that we were stuffed full of theory and waiting for the Senior year to put it into practice.

In this year, as the year before, our class was responsible for the founding of many new customs and ideas. We designed an emblem to be used as a standard for all college jewelry. We inaugurated debates in Dr. Fitch's lecture hours, the first one of which we shall ever remember. Two New Yorkers undertook to combat verbally two Trentonians. So hot did the battle wax that a vote was necessary to decide the victors. Wilson and Ridgeway, representing Trenton, won by a few votes after a flock of recounts. Dr. Fitch was an able judge. Margaret Marsteller made her exit from the student body via the marriage route and is now the proud mother of a baby girl.

Our Junior year finished auspiciously with the Junior Prom at the Hotel Lorraine, in our customary fashion, bigger and better than anything before. We again left for the summer to return in the fall and assume our positions as "top sergeants" of the student body.

The top of the ladder was reached when we combined two new titles, "Senior" and "Doctor," to fit us in our places in the clinic as internes.

The sensation at first, while pleasant, was still peculiar, till weeks had passed and then we couldn't imagine how we had ever been Juniors and Frosh.

We proudly strolled in the clinic in our new white uniforms and eagerly awaited to be called to attend the first patient. No, we weren't razzed by the Juniors, no, not much! It took particular effort to wield the instruments in the proper manner to impress the patients with our "experience." Every movement was thought over and planned to perfection, and we thought six times before we would take hold of an instrument. What fear! But as time passed on we learned to manipulate the instruments with the greatest ease and a signature on a prescription was no longer a novelty.

C. C. Hassel as President, together with H. R. Musselman, Vice-President; Grace E. Kelly, Secretary; John D. Engle, Treasurer; handled our class affairs well.

Dr. Hankins was appointed czar of clinic attendance, thus inaugurating a new system, making it more convenient for the internes and affording a better check-up of attendance for the faculty.

The State Board examinations and preparation for them occupied our time just before mid-years, but our boys just walked through them all. They'll have to improve on State Boards if they want to keep our boys out of Optometry.

Just about the same time our basketball team beat Philadelphia College of Pharmacy for the championship of the first half of the City College League by the score of 26 to 22. It was one of those games in which the winner is decided in the last few seconds. Again Howe, Kolb, and Ross played stellar roles and helped to bring home our first City College League pennant. Those who were able to attend classes were granted a holiday.

And thus we come to the close of our college career, happy that we were now able to serve humanity, but unhappy with the thought of leaving our Alma Mater. Our Alma Mater, however, shall and will always stand before us with a spirit which shall never die. And then, on the night of commencement we were ushered out, our sheepskins in hand, with the degree of Doctor of Optometry.

Our college days have terminated much too soon. We have enjoyed every minute spent within the walls of P. S. C. O., and hope that our future prosperity shall be in direct proportion to the efforts of our professors to teach us the ways of success.

LESTER LAURENCE BEACHER, '27.

SENIOR RAP RACK

NAME	FAMED FOR	SECRET AMBITION
Anton	Fords	Build a non-stalling Ford
Beacher	Attendance	Chief of Clinic
Booth	Coon chatter	Army General
Buser	Moving	Convince Dr. Herman
Engle	Power over ladies	Master Black Bottom
Fragin	Blushing	Casino champion
Frampton	Absence	Big league pitcher
Francis	Recitations	Jokester
Gerson	Gas	Evangelist
Goldstein	Laugh	Understand Gauss System
Hahn	Silence	Movie actor
Hale	Bowling	Slim figure
Hassel	Luke and his uke	Radio announcer
Hausmann	Arguments	Win cross-word prize
Heather	His line	Own an automobile
Hilfman	Girlish blush	Bend bridges
Himes	Stubbornness	Artist
Howe	Cigarette extractions	Back to Clearfield and—
Kelly	Disposition	Real housewife
Kolb	Studiosness	Great mathematician
Kuschel	His beard	Helmholtz II
Manwiller	Collegiate get up	Journalist
Musselman	Baby smile	Beau Brummel
Noz	Ancient history	S. S. Superintendent
Nurock	Ice cream	Make good retinoscope
Reeves	Stature	Red Grange
Ridgeway	Silver tongue	Pres. N. J. O. A.
Roche	Rule for decen—	Cigar factory
Ross	Laziness	Mattress tester
Schafer	Himself	Unmentionable
Silverstein	Quietness	Hotel Raleigh
Smith	Never shaving	Invent good razor
Storey	Ambition	Get ads
Supnick	Women	Mayor of Camden
Wilson	Shoes	Gain weight

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1927

We, the illustrious class of Nineteen Twenty-seven, of the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry, residing in Philadelphia, County of Philadelphia, having completed with good behavior our penalty of three years at hard labor in aforesaid institution as prescribed by law as a fitting sentence for our craving of knowledge, and being now unconditionally loosened upon the world by our warders, the faculty of aforesaid institution, because of our unvarying loyalty, our comprehensive sphere of knowledge, our astonishing conduct and surpassing obedience to our most reverend professors, being aware of the approach of our last days within the walls of this institution, and being of a sound mind, do make and declare this to be our last will and testament.

Knowing what utter despair and grief will befall the faculty and undergraduates upon our departure, and realizing how truly difficult it will be for our Alma Mater to secure another class as efficient, we do dispose of our collegiate possessions in the following manner:

FIRST—We give and bequeath to our beloved faculty all the amazing knowledge and startling information which we, from time to time, have furnished them in theses and quizzes. We hope the professors will recuperate rapidly from the shock of our departure.

SECOND—We give and bequeath to our esteemed Dean, Dr. Albert Fitch, our sincerest thanks for his personal interest in every one of us, and for his teachings, which shall ever inspire us to a higher brand of ethics in our practice and a fonder appreciation of the value of organization in our struggle for recognition in the professional world. We regret that Dr. Fitch will never again see such a complete development of raw material into Optometrists of such calibre as the graduates of Twenty-seven.

THIRD—To all present and future embryo Optometrists of this institution we give our Alma Mater—the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry—overflowing with the memories and resounding with the praise of the Class of Twenty-seven, to be respected and esteemed as we will respect and esteem it from this time on

FOURTH—We give and bequeath to the Junior Class several important articles, namely:

- A. The reins of the institution, which, if manipulated according to our teachings, will result in their complete control of the institution.
- B. The vision of some day becoming internes in white uniforms.
- C. Our freedom from Physics and Calculus.
- D. The Bull Pen where they may rest during the afternoons.
- E. Our position of awe and reverence in the student body.

FIFTH—To the Class of 1977 we give our sincerest hope that their great-grandchildren will be able to attend the new twenty-story Pennsylvania State College of Optometry.

SIXTH—To individual members of the Faculty we bequeath:

- A. To Dr. Fitch, *co-operation* of the entire student body and all Optometrists with the faculty and administration.
- B. To Dr. Herman, a class conversant with Freud and familiar with European customs and philosophy.
- C. To Dr. Tait, a group of Seniors desiring to do research work in Physiologic Optics, the largest chicken farm on the continent, and some new stories and ties.
- D. To Dr. Neumueller, a class of undergraduates highly skilled in German and mathematics.
- E. To Dr. Smith, some stature.
- F. To Dr. Morris, a class of freshmen with great imagination, who are able to understand Spinney's.
- G. To Dr. Deissler, a book of jokes so that he may memorize a few to tell at smokers.
- H. To Dr. Westburgh, a harem, and a softer voice so that his subjects may sleep in class.
- I. To Dr. Rutledge, some pep tablets and a loud speaker.
- J. To Dr. Hankins, a clarinet and control of the office.
- K. To Dr. MacElree, a staff of internes to ask foolish questions.
- L. To Dr. Roche, the rule for decentration.

SEVENTH—To the college as a whole, we bequeath the championship of the first half of the City College League, along with the lasting memory of our other worthy deeds and hope that they will follow judiciously our noble example, fully understanding, however, that such lofty heights as those to which we have attained can never be reached except by the superhuman wisdom which we now possess, but which we may not leave behind because of our duty to the profession into which we now pass.

In witness whereof, I, the Editor of the IRIS of the Class of Nineteen Twenty-seven, as representative, have hereunto set the seal of the Class this Ninth day of June, in the year One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Twenty-seven.

Signed, sealed, and declared by me to be the last will and testament of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-seven, at the request of C. Chauncey Hassel, President, and Grace Elizabeth Kelly, Secretary.

BEN M. WILSON.

OUR PROFESSION

Long years of our lives have been sacrificed for a purpose which is threefold in nature; to provide ourselves with a professional career, to secure a means of serving humanity, and to endeavor to be fairly compensated for our efforts. In order to attain the training necessary to accomplish this purpose, one must be willing to sacrifice and thus receive in exchange for what he has given. Such is the complex problem of life upon whose threshold we now stand.

The word "profession" is a very general term, and amongst its numerous subdivisions "Optometry" ranks as one of the highest. This is just, since we are entrusted with the care of that which stands next to life itself, the eyes. In return for our work we are looked upon with respect as men of high educational standards. No money could buy professional dignity, while the reverse may be put into practice, whether purposely or unconsciously, or may be shunned, according to the individual.

As Optometrists we must and do serve humanity with a service no other profession is capable of rendering. Our value to civilization is greater now than ever before, and our services to the world during this age of civilization are more thorough and comprehensive than in years gone by. Taking the antithesis of the present day man, the man of the stone age, we realize that the difference in civilization and manners of living has made necessary the advancement in Optometry. The primitive man was only a fighter and a hunter and knew not how to read since he had no means of communication. When he pointed his arrow against his victim, may it be human enemy or animal, he used his eyes for a great distance and seldom for near. Taking the other extreme, the present day man, we will readily agree that most of his work is done within close range. Nature however, adapted the eyes to look off at great distances comfortably and only occasionally at short distances. This failure on the part of Nature to provide man with a means of doing continued close work has created greater demand for our services, through the unavoidable existence of strain as a penalty for excessive near work. Whether evolution is a word expressing true biologic progress or a word of some other meaning is of no importance, but the fact remains that while civilization develops with all its various improvements and penalties, Optometry's importance increases just as rapidly and in proportion.

We enter our profession with the purpose of being fairly repaid for our sacrifices and our services. We are looking forward to a future which Optometry has promised us, and in view of the above reasons, must hold for us.

LESTER LAURENCE BEACHER, '27.



MEDITATION

"O memory, shield me from the world's poor strife,
And give those scenes thine everlasting life."

I have followed Charles Lamb into a "Quaker Meeting" for I was tired and I sought an hour of peace among my beloved hermits—my books. I like solitude when I can give myself up to it. Not for the love of solitude itself, not for the love of being by myself; not the kind of half strained solitude of midnight, but the sweet quiet when I can take flight with my fancy from the world and myself.

In this day of bustle we too seldom can throw aside our cloaks and rest to review ourselves and enjoy a sweet hour of plain, simple, quiet, better felt than understood. Oh, will the novelties and prejudices of a world made up of tinsel and applause never end! Must we ever surprise, amuse and keep up the strain of contention that is nerve racking for fear of being condemned to some cloister by a world of dazzling footlights; by a world that loves to be deceived and flattered and which will place its hero upon a pedestal until he fails and then crush him with a many-mouthed opinion if he fails.

How many fleeting impressions I have had! How many times I have lingered, at the time when the "Great Fire God" of our Indian forefathers has been calling for his evening worship—to think upon Learning, Education, and Intelligence as I have come to find it in these walls at P. S. C. O.

To be educated is to know how to lend a hand—as well as to be kind and just and strong in the face of failure and alongside of success. One does not live until he has experienced helping others to live. Reason is the supreme factor. Intellect the chief judge and critic. But ever in the best of things there is the danger of excess. Uncriticised, untempered and unguided by reason, the credulities made possible tyranny and easily turn to cruelty. But when reason kills all illusions, life becomes plain mad. Nothing is leaner food than dry knowledge unmoistened by the heart. There is the kind of person who outgrows the habit of keeping birthdays. There are those who take delight in ridiculing a child's belief in Santa Clause. There are others who would extirpate the fairies. There are those who are indignant at one who kisses a crucifix. There is a point beyond which intelligence is cruel. If a young man were never intoxicated by rose visions and pink illusions, if he saw in a girl only "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair" it would be a dull world and a nasty one.

But after all there is no danger of absolute tyranny of reason. Instincts persist. Hearts will always beat as long as brains function. Mothers will worship babies, and young men will worship budding girls, and the people will worship heroes, and mankind will worship the infinite in spite of all the universities, and scientific knowledge that shall ever come.

To be educated is to be a man. To be a man is to help make men. To touch a human heart somewhere and play a tune of melodious beauty upon it, is to clear the air for universal love in the world. A man's product is merely an expression of joy in his work. People expect to get something from us—not money or earthly goods—but our favor, our approval, our admiration, affection, good will, confidence, a socialableness. Let us never be so inferior to any man that he may ever be able to make us hate him.

All one has to do it to use his eyes to know that life employs all too much of dullness and drabness. The unlearned day laborer knows next to nothing of what it is to live for an ideal, much less to work toward it. And many of us who are able to see beyond the mist of immediate necessities, are already deadened to the crying of that spirit within us which may break a shackle that binds us to intolerance, selfishness, narrow bickerings and coldness.

It is not enough just to be courageous, to be happy, to find joy in food, or clothing or shelter, to grow in will or achievement but we must be fusionists. We must be mixers of an enthusiastic type. We must touch the air of the universe and feel the warmth of the sun of our efforts else labor for sordid hire alone.

Stevenson has a thought along this line, "The True Realism" says he, "always and everywhere, is that of the poets; to find out where joy resides and give it a voice far beyond singing. For to miss the joy is to miss all."

Just the moment we take to the fact that there is a great deal of joy in the world we may get and give, then it is that we begin to get perspective, our amblyopia is gone and our whole mind is illuminated for service. We begin to control the masses with a free spirit; we lead and are not led. On the strength of high character we have power to approve and even to anger if necessary. When there is unreasonable elation and arrogance we may humble and awe. When there is depression by groundless fears we may arouse confidence.

There is more to be gotten out of our schools and colleges than the learning from books—sometimes musty volumes too apt to clog. Meditation on, and an appreciation of, those men with whom we have been so long associated is perhaps the least remunerative but the best developer in the curriculum. The fact that our profession grew out of the desire of opticians to place their profession on a higher plane and in the year nineteen hundred one separated themselves securing their first legislation in Michigan; called themselves Optometrists in nineteen hundred four and that since that time thirty other states have taken similar proceedings are all familiar enough to us and need no repeating on these pages. Educational standards and the stimulus of legislation are raising the standards of Optometry so rapidly that we are unable to appreciate the age in which we live. We tend to forget the men—the Napoleons—who led us and sent us on and most of all we overlook the spirit in their hearts.

We are rounded by our meditations and the more of them there are, the greater the number of golden sunsets. Whether because of forces of circumstances, or a literal starving of our free will to choose or decide, I am not quite sure, but it is certain that we accept too much, surface facts, and balance too little, taking too much of life for granted. With age and experience the mind grows richer and more brilliant in its abilities. And I feel that it draws to itself every beautiful thing in nature, and is human action so far as it reaches out for them. The honest, simple, true inmost mind is a part of nature and abhors sham.

The body takes upon itself new and invigorating spirits from such meditations and the mind itself is strengthened and refreshed. In such times there is an incomparable joyousness. The idea of meditation belonging to the aged is perhaps justified but it can none the less be enjoyed by others. The idea goes that youth uses its tongues for that which it never thinks, and age uses

its mind for that which it seldom expresses. But ah, when the spirit is sorely tried even to being sick of all the uselessness and nonsense noises of a universe crowded with duties, what a balm it is to either age or youth to go out and beyond one's self and look back on it for awhile. It is not necessary to dig into musty tombs, nor uncover inscriptions defaced with mold for one may glide into the past by a fresh, sweet, fragrant path paved with beloved old books and memories of our college days. Once there you will slip away to wander at will in play to come forth again, as the bridegroom, strong and refreshed.

"Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee too, foolish city,
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity."

EARL H. RIDGEWAY, '27.

ADIEU

Oh, dear Alma Mater,
As we go forth from you,
Our hearts are filled with sorrow
For we've learned to love you true.
Your traditions and customs we'll cherish.
Your teachings we'll never forget.
So while for success we try
We'll remember you till we die.

As time goes fleeting onward
We'll think back with delight,
And recall these days of gladness
Beneath the Black and White.
May you live on forever
Is our wish, Alma Mater, for you.
May God preserve and keep you;
Oh, P. S. C. O., adieu.

C. C. HASSEL, '27.



UNDER CLASSES





Class of 1928

BEITEL, ROBERT J., JR.
516 Walnut St., Catasauqua, Pa.
Catasauqua High School.
"Bob." "Echo."
*"He never knew what it was to
love before."*

BERNER, BENEDICT
2338 Fifteenth St., Troy, N. Y.
Troy High School.
"Ben."
"Back where I come from——."

BISBEE, HENRY H.
301 Radcliff St., Bristol, Pa.
Bristol High School.
"Biz."
"Yea, for Bristol."

BORLAND, ARTHUR H.
527 E. Fulton St., Butler, Pa.
Butler High School.
"Art."
*"Even tho' vanquished, he still
could argue."*

CERONE, ALFRED P.
1910 S. Eighth St., Phila., Pa.
Temple High School.
"Al."
"What is love?"

DAVIS, LEON
2101 Robert St., New Orleans, La.
Warren Easton High School.
"Fouty-fo."
*"How about some money, chile o'
disastah?"*

Class of 1928

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>FEGLEY, LEON H.
89 N. Church St., Hazleton, Pa.
Hazleton High School.
"Feg."
"Stop that; people won't like you."</p> | <p>MONDOR, PHILIP J.
4 Laurel St., Holyoke, Mass.
Holyoke High School.
"Phil."
"Shy, but oh, my."</p> |
| <p>GERGEN, LEO E.
1014 Race St., Shamokin, Pa.
East High School.
"Lee."
"In the valley of silent men."</p> | <p>MUSIANG, JOSEPH M.
Hammonton, N. J.
Hammonton High School.
Naval Academy Prep. School.
"Joe."
"Calm as the unruffled waters."</p> |
| <p>LEUZE, ALMA A.
3325 N. Twentieth St., Phila., Pa.
Brown Preparatory School.
"Alma."
"A heart unspotted is not easily
daunted."</p> | <p>NICKLIN, WILLIAM H.
114 Hoffman Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Trenton High School.
"Bill."
"And not a hair out of place."</p> |
| <p>LOWRY, EARLE S.
Uniondale, Pa.
Uniondale High School.
Carbondale High School.
"Runt."
"Saintly on the surface, but be-
neath—."</p> | <p>OCSHIER, GEORGE M.
West Springfield, Pa.
West Springfield High School.
Bucknell University.
"Hawkie."
"You must take me as I am."</p> |
| <p>MEYER, EDWARD C.
1810 Beaver Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Allegheny High School.
"Ed." "Boin up."
"Now fellas, let's stick together."</p> | <p>OWENS, HOWARD W.
515 Crest Avenue, Charleroi, Pa.
Charleroi High School.
"Musty."
"But the best part of the party
was—."</p> |
| <p>MILLER, MARLING
56 Charles Street, Uniontown, Pa.
Mercersburg Academy.
Penn. State College.
"Mar." "Shiek."
"A finished gentleman from top to
toe."</p> | <p>PERNETTI, ANTHONY F.
828 West 22nd St., Paterson, N. J.
Paterson High School.
"Stupe."
"Figure him out, if you can."</p> |
| <p>MONDOR, HENRI L.
4 Laurel St., Holyoke, Mass.
Holyoke High School.
Rochester School of Optometry.
"Hank."
"Well, up in Rochester—."</p> | <p>PERRY, JOHN D.
315 N. Spring St., Winston-Salem,
N. C.
Buie's Creek Academy.
"Perruh."
"He sees nothing but her."</p> |

Class of 1928

SATUREN, JULIUS

309 N. Marshall St., Phila., Pa.
Central High School.

"Jule."

"Strange as it may seem, he wore a
bashful look."

FRANK B. STROZER

Bronx, N. Y.

Hope High School of Providence.

Rhodes Prep. School.

"Frank."

"One of Chaucer's addicts."

SCHOLLER, LEO

Hancock, Michigan.

Hancock Central High School.

"Lee." "Skoller."

"Strong as an ox."

WENGERT, GUY D.

343 S. 16th St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Technical High School.

Gettysburg College.

"Shaggy."

"Yes, but why——?"

WILSON, ROBERT L.

Shelby, North Carolina.

Shelby High School.

North Carolina State College.

"Bawb."

"A southerner to the core."

HISTORY OF CLASS OF '28

THIS story is one of an adventure which is in the memory of each and every Junior of old P. S. C. O., with a few alterations, here and there, for little extra and personal incidents. But in sum and substance, it will be found to coincide with the general case of each of us. If each of you will allow your thoughts to go back and retrace the incidents portrayed, you will be retracing some of the most interesting happenings of your life or lives.

It all started in the summer of 1925 and in the home town of each of us. It seemed as though all of our friends asked, "Are you going to college?" And until about the first week of September we all answered, "I haven't the least idea." We all seemed to wait until the last minute to give a definite answer. Some of us did not know whether we would go to P. S. C. O. or not until the night before we actually packed out. And what a sorrowful night that last night turned out to be, when it was necessary to bid the final adieu! But we all survived, hopped the train in plenty of time to get there for the first hour of the first day, landed in Philly with the greatest of visions, were "dumped," bag and baggage in front of the college, and then all past visions melted away.

After settling the necessary affairs at the office, we proceeded to make friends and look for a suitable place to rest our weary selves. It was a more or less simple matter, that of forming friendships, as there was such a significant air of freedom about the place, such a spirit of delightful comradeship amongst the students, and such a manifest display upon the part of the faculty of interesting the personal welfare of every student. Then for about a week we hunted and moved about until we all seemed content with our choice of roommates. Meeting and getting acquainted with the "profs" was a vastly interesting experience which we were not soon to forget.

Time never went as slowly as it did up until Thanksgiving vacation with that generously added slice. Day after day those dear faithfuls at home were heard from and we seemed to think that it was perfectly all right to break open one of those letters, no matter how interesting the lecture might have been or how important. Those letters either made or broke us, and by the looks of things the latter seemed the more prevalent case. As great as the temptations to stay at home were, we all returned. Three weeks never seemed longer than did those between Thanksgiving and Christmas recesses. It seemed that Old Father Time had had an epileptic stroke.

Such a vast change had come over the class over that much too short Christmas vacation. No one had any life left. Everybody lounged around and slept in class, and didn't seem to care what was going on. Some had not even gotten over the spell by mid-years.

The second semester proved much more interesting. Most of the fundamentals had been gone over and we were delving into things more sincerely. We began to see a little light in Theoretic Optics and Optometry, we never missed Ocular Anatomy, and our "Math" class got more and more interesting as the term progressed.

As the second semester gradually faded away the popularity of the famous "Bull Pen" also faded away to a certain extent. It would be interesting, to say the least, if someone had only recorded some of the scenes and some of the conversation in a definite way, instead of trusting to our often-time feeble memory. But the spring air was too much to resist, and even those who had the greatest interest in the place broke their habitual ties.

An occasional dance, or other little affair, helped things along considerably, but through it all, no matter how enjoyable it was, was that solemn note heard of "home and her." Poor Daddy Time didn't seem to improve, but only worse and worse.

The truth in that age-worn remark, "How time flies," was perfectly demonstrated to us during our summer vacation of almost four months. Father Time had quite recuperated from his recent illness and was making up for lost time. We had no more than greeted our old friends at home than we were once more bidding them farewell! At least it seemed that way.

How difficult it was to break away, how ugly those trains were, and how uninteresting those thoughts of Philly were. Yet there was an attracting force which drew us back to old P. S. C. O.

The moment we entered that good old corridor, even tho' it may have been a week or so late, each of us realized that we were no longer Freshmen, but that we were full-fledged Juniors. What a grand and glorious feeling it was to walk the halls with serene and sober Freshmen standing around and giving you the "once-over."

How good it was to see those old classmates again. Those gleaming faces, those warm hand-shakes, and those welcome remarks sure did make each of us feel fine, and made us forget, for the time being, all our troubles. The greetings seemed to be almost routine. "Why, look who's here!" "How the h—are you, anyway?" "Sure glad to see you." "What kind of a time did you have?" . . . And then they were off. For about a week after the first day, we welcomed some newcomers every day until all were accounted for.

After the excitement had quelled and classes were getting to be more or less routine, we got to thinking of our necessities. The first thing to be decided was the matter of class officers, so we got down to that. The elections resulted in "Bill" Nicklin as president, Jack Silverstein as vice-president, Alma Leuze as secretary, and Leon Davis as treasurer. Dr. Herman was unanimously elected as class advisor, a choice which we never once regretted.

Everything looked better for the class and for the school as a whole. There was much more activity, especially on the social side of the issue. We got to talking Junior Prom less than one month after school had started. Enthusiasm ran high, and it was decided that it should be one grand blow-out. The affair was to be semi-formal and the date was set on February 11th. The dance committee was most active and proved most competent. What a time that committee did have trying to decide on the proper orchestra! But their final decision was a good one, as the dancing side of the question came out just fine. Every little detail was taken care of perfectly, and the whole affair turned out to be a "wow." As a class we did not put over any more large social functions, but the various college functions kept us plenty busy. All the affairs, whether they were large or small, helped most effectively to pass the time away.

Time dragged, without a doubt, but there was no comparison between our Junior and Freshman years in that regard. The scholastic standing was certainly harder to maintain, and as one of the "profs" put it, "The lid had been clamped down."

Soon after mid-years, those who had not realized it before, now realized that it was absolutely necessary to apply ourselves more than ever before. That was especially true for those who planned to take State Boards during the summer of 1927. So from mid-years on to the end we forgot, as much as we could, about social affairs and became real serious. The class, as a whole, was not such a happy-go-lucky bunch. But we didn't hang crepes on our noses and let things go at that. We were still a jolly crowd, a quality which we never did lose and which we were never to lose. It mattered not how grave a crisis was before us, we never lost our sense of joviality.

PHILIP J. MONDOR, '28.

AND

HENRY H. BISBEE, '28.

To the Graduates of 1927:

On behalf of the Class of 1928, I extend to you our best wishes of farewell. You have been real brothers to us, helping us in our trials, assisting us with our work, and have pushed aside the barrier of rank which usually separates Senior from Junior. May success accompany you. Farewell!

WILLIAM H. MICKLIN,
President of the Class of 1928.



Class of 1929

AGNES, JACK

906 East 173d St., New York City.
Eastern High School,
Rhodes Prep. School,
College of the City of New York.
"Jake."

"Describe him; who can."

ARNOPULSKY, NATHAN

710 McKean St., Philadelphia, Pa.
South Philadelphia High School.
Philadelphia Normal School.
"Army."

"Be silent, or let your words be
worth more than silence."

BAILAT, ALFRED M.

199 Bridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Erasmus Hall High School.
Columbia University.
American Institute of Optometry.
"Bailay."

"Quiet as a mouse."

BRITZ, MARIA JOSEPHINE

148 Salem Ave., Carbondale, Pa.
Carbondale High School.
"Marie."

"A lover of all mankind."

BRITTON, HOWARD

321 West Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.
Butler High School.
Westminster College.

"Doc"

"I profess not talking, only this,
silence is golden."

COOPER, RICHARD SIDNEY

2504 Reisterstown Rd., Baltimore,
Md.

Woodrow Wilson High School.
Baltimore Polytechnic Institute
Baltimore City College.

"Dick."

"All the great men are dying—in
fact I don't feel well myself."

Class of 1929

CRIDEN, ISADORE

131 Fordham Drive, Buffalo, N. Y.
Lafayette High School.

"Cri."

"A true friend is forever a friend."

DEWEY, WALTER EDWARD

Battle Creek, Mich.
Battle Creek High School.

"Walt."

"Tame as sheep, wild as bear; Girls
around—he's there."

EDLES, ALLEN I.

1581 Fulton Ave., New York City.
Bird's Business Institute.

Rhodes Prep. School.

"Al."

"Let the world slide."

FAUST, PAUL GULDNER

616 Second St., Catasauqua, Pa.
Catasauqua High School.

University of Pennsylvania.

"Dutch."

"Our thoughts and conduct are our
own."

GILLIS, HERBERT WALTER

1015A President St., Brooklyn,
N. Y.

Boys' High School.

New York Prep. School.

Brooklyn Academy.

Columbia Extension.

University of Rochester.

"Duke." "Herb." "Count."

"Better be out of the world than
out of style."

GOLDENTHAL, PERRY

10 East Fairmount Ave., Newark,
N. J.

South Side High School.

Ph.G. New Jersey College of Phar-
macy.

"Half Pint."

"As new things appear every day,
so there appears a new succes-
sor to Paderewski."

GRAVATT, CASPER J.

104 Culbertson Ave., Trenton,
N. J.

Trenton High School.

"Cap."

"Youth and endeavor."

HOLMES, JOHN LAIRD, JR.

340 S. Gill St., State College, Pa.
State College High School.

Mercersburg Academy.

Pennsylvania State College.

"John."

"Happy I am; from care I am free.

"Why aren't they all content like
me?"

KILLHEFFER, HAROLD CLAYTON

250 Washington Ave., Rutherford,
N. J.

Rutherford High School.

Peddie School.

Caldwell High School.

"Kal."

"Gentle in manners, resolute in
deeds."

KUSHNER, BERNARD B.

605 Beatty St., Trenton, N. J.
Trenton High School.

"Ben." "Kush."

"For he does sleep while wise men
speak."

LEFTOFF, JACK S.

1042 Central Ave., Far Rockaway,
N. Y.

Lawrence High School.

Evon Prep. School.

"Shorty."

"I will this; I command this."

MILLER, ANNA MARGARETH

Hulton Road, Verona, Pa.
Verona High School.

Pittsburgh Academy.

"Ann."

"The rule of my life is to make
business a pleasure—and plea-
sure is my business."

Class of 1929

MILLER, GARRETT WEATHERBY

205 East Main St., Millville, N. J.
Millville High School.

George School.

"Garry." "Phyliss."

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and danced and sung."

MILSTEIN, AARON

347 S. Third St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
High and Law Schools, Russia.

Theological Seminary, Russia.

N. Y. State College of Teachers.

"Aaron."

"Work brings glory and success."

MILSTEIN, HERZE

347 S. Third St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
DeWitt Clinton High School.

"Herze."

"The worthy seek not popular applause."

MORROW, JOHN FRANCIS, JR.

1906 West Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

LaSalle College.

St. Joe's Prep. School.

"Bud." "Jack."

"The force of his own merit makes
his way."

NEMITZ, JOSEPH C.

407 Chambers St., Trenton, N. J.
Trenton High School.

"Joe." "Ben-Hur." "Nemichs."

"My kingdom for a horse."

SCHNEIDER, HENRY M.

South Bound Brook, N. J.

Newark Prep. School.

"Heinie."

"Knowledge itself is power."

SCOTT, HARRY A.

3922 N. Fifth St., Phila., Pa.

LaSalle Prep. School.

"Scotty."

"As neat as a pin, and nearly as
thin."

SCOTT, JOHN W.

3922 N. Fifth St., Phila., Pa.

LaSalle Prep. School.

LaSalle College.

"Scotty also."

"Rest first and then work."

STEEVE, J. HOWARD

25 Chestnut St., East Orange, N. J.

East Orange High School.

"Steevie."

"Mingle a little folly with your
wisdom; a little nonsense now
and then is pleasant."

TAIT, WILLIAM JAMES

842 Perkiomen St., Phila., Pa.

Central High School.

B.S., Pennsylvania State College.

"Bill."

"See the conquering hero come.
Sound the trumpet; beat the drum."

ULRICH, WILLIAM OSCAR

Manheim, Pa.

Manheim High School.

"Bill."

"Fashioned so slenderly; tall and so
fair."

ULTZ, JOHN EARL

618 Main St., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

New Sharon High School.

Kents Hill Seminary.

"Earl."

"Good nature and good sense must
ever join."

Class of 1929

VENABLE, GORDON WORTH

54 East Tulpehocken St., Germantown, Pa.

Germantown High School.

Wesleyan University.

"Gabe." "Wenable."

"The choice master spirit of his age."

WESTLAND, E. H.

430 Sixth St., Braddock, Pa.

Braddock High School.

Carnegie Institute of Technology.

"Wes."

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

WHITAKER, ARTHUR C., JR.

Broad St. and West Ave., Bridgeton, N. J.

Bridgeton High School.

Temple University.

"Art."

"A finish'd gentleman from top to toe."

WEISS, MOSES WILLIAM

29 Malta St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brooklyn Boys' High School.

New York University.

"Moe." "Shavey."

"Wisdom is better than rubies."

WYCHUNOS, JOHN JOSEPH

14 Ogden St., Girardville, Pa.

Girardville High School.

"Jack."

"If to his share some manly errors fall, Look on his face and you'll forget them all."

A FRESHMAN'S TALE

FROSH HISTORY

HOME again—ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'? Yes, Dad, it was some Freshman year. Since the matriculation last September two enigmas have been made clear; hydrophobia and hypermetropia are not synonymous; a schematic eye does not accommodate."

"Well! well! That's wonderful, son."

"Sweet macula. I never shall forget my Freshman year. It had all the ear marks of an optical nightmare. After a painful extraction for enrollment fees by the bursar, we took a stroll on the campus (?). It didn't take us long to become acclimated, for we held our first organization meeting early in October to elect temporary officers. Soon followed the Phi Theta Epsilon smoker, where jokes and smokes were plentiful. Then amid a colorful setting of white socks and black dinks, arrived our second co-ed. Omega Delta brought to a successful close a series of social events when they tendered a banquet at the Club Madrid to a portion of the Frosh.

1921

"At the next regular meeting we elected our officers for the ensuing year. They were: President, Venable; Vice-President, Morrow; Secretary, A. Miller; Treasurer, Tait. Dr. MacElree was chosen as class adviser.

"In sports the Frosh were right there. The biggest game that never happened was the Frosh-Junior football clash, which had to be called because of the limited seating capacity of the Sesqui Stadium. In basketball, Venable, Morrow, and Dewey showed their ability, Venable scoring six field goals in each of the P. M. C., Columbia and Physical Ed. games. Why, just the sight of "Venny" on the floor would scare the opponents into throwing the game at half time. In the Temple game, Morrow scored the first field goal—the one that started us on a red hot win. Dewey showed his stuff in the Hahnemann game. Along with the sports, the whole class co-operated with the Athletic Council to make each dance given by the A. A. a success. Ah! How well we all remember the dance after the Columbia game. All was going fine; the orchestra was jazzing a "hosky" tune; our Columbia guests were employing mass action in the corners; a flock of students with their best girls, or someone else's, were whirling merrily over the polished floor, when—out flew paper streamers, hundreds of them. Tangled and twisted they settled down to the floor amid the restless surge of many feet. Up sprang clouds of dust so thick that fog horns were blown by each couple before making a move. Oh, boy, them were the days!

"We all looked forward to our Thanksgiving recess. When we returned to college we worked still harder until relief came in the form of a long Christmas vacation. Our New Year's resolutions were broken by the second of January, per usual. About this time a new fraternity was chartered at P. S. C. O. It was called Gamma Omega Phi. This made a total of three active fraternities at the college.

"Sometime later we held a meeting to determine the feasibility of a dance. The "Arguing retintuner" from Jersey voted both yea and nay for his motion. It was voted to wait until the Junior year to do the Ritz, not only showing good judgment in our class affairs, but being in the main a bright class. Dr. Herman didn't disagree either when we told him we were an exceptional class.

"Our thirst for blood was well satisfied when the annual dog carving event took place in the 'no skylarking' amphitheatre. To our great surprise, it was learned that a brickwall was made of bricks, that it was blue because it was yellow, and that a certain instrument was called a "stethoscope" because you don't see through it.

"We knew that the Year Book was in its embryonic stage when we were requested to be shot optically by a camera containing Dr. John Dioptre's achromatic lens. If you don't think we were a dignified bunch of 'ophthalmoscoters,' ask Dr. Duziene, the originator of 'ye olde hen-birde joke.' About this time we all came through our mid-years with colors flying, and turned our attentions to music and nature. Perhaps we weren't celebrating our victory over the profs?

"Under the encouragement of Dr. Smith, the famous impresario, Schneider and Whitaker organized the first Frosh Glee Club, rather informally. Though there were not a few members of the class who were musically inclined—or declined—it was rather difficult to conduct the entire class in singing. However, it was the fond hope and expectation of the directors to broadcast this splendid organization through a Philadelphia radio station. Unfortunately the radio public was denied this pleasure, since the organ accompaniment required for the rendition of the mad scene of the opera 'The Button, The Button, Who Decentered The Button?' by A. Cracked Segment, was unobtainable on the night desired.

"We were a social bunch of fellows 'for a' that.' Oft would we practice the new steps and songs in the auditorium. Perry Half-Pint was a knockout musically when he teased the piano by sliding his nimble fingers over the ivories—or was it celluloid? When it came to class spirit we were seldom equalled and never excelled (adv.). Bill Tait, our most worthy treasurer, succeeded in extracting the greenbacks, not without employing a general anesthetic in some cases. Still—

Our treasurer is a slim, young chap,
With a warm heart within,
Some whiskers on his chin,
And a mind that always functioned—except in class.
So's your Optometrist!

"The big social event of the year was the Junior Prom at the Ritz-Carlton. The party commenced to mix well (socially) after midnite and by all those who were able to judge, it was acclaimed a howling success.

"It was rumored just before Easter that Bill, the campus caretaker, was expecting to polish the brass tablet on the front of the main building bearing the inscription: 'Pennsylvania State College of Optometry.' This rash action on the part of our friend Bill was checked, however. P. D. Crest, president of something or other, brought to the attention of the authorities this fact: since only a minority of the students were wearing 'Soft-Lite' lenses, the glare from the *afternoon* sun shining on the polished brass would have been deleterious to the eyes of the students who were scheduled for *morning* classes.

"Our Easter vacation came and went. Also, spring sprang, as the poets say. Spring ushered in, along with its usual complement of thoughts turning toward love, the final examinations. They held no terror for us now. Were we not soon to be Juniors? Yea, verily! Soon then the great day arrived when we shed our Frosh raiment and bid each other adieu for the summer, to return in the fall labeled 'Juniors.' Our sympathy to the next Freshman class!"

ARTHUR C. WHITAKER, JR., '29.



ORGANIZATIONS & ACTIVITIES





Fraternities

ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY

GAMMA OMEGA PHI FRATERNITY
ALPHA CHAPTER

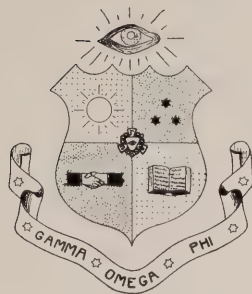
Founded 1926

Established 1927

Fraters in Collegio

Lester L. Beacher
Moses Fragin
Aaron Hilfman
Leon Davis
Edward C. Meyer
Allen I. Edles
Bernard B. Kushner
Joseph C. Nemitz

Jack Silverstein
Ben M. Wilson
Benedict Berner
Julius Saturen
Isadore Criden
Perry Goldenthal
Jack Leftoff
Moses William Weiss



PHI THETA EPSILON FRATERNITY
ALPHA CHAPTER

founded 1922

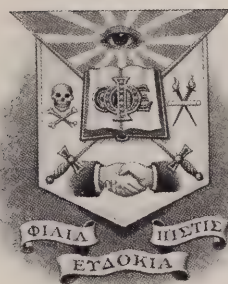
Established 1922

Fraters' in Facultate

Albert Fitch, O.D.	Maxwell Herman, M.D.
Robert Bruce Morris, Ph.B.	Joseph B. Deissler, O.D.
George A. MacElree, O.D.	Edward Westburgh, B.S.

Fraters' in Collegio

Richard E. Anton	Gilmore W. Kuschel
Hubert E. Boeth	Russel S. Manwiller
John D. Engle	H. R. Musselman
Richard R. Frampton	William B. Reeves
Matthew Francis	Earl H. Ridgeway
C. Chauncey Hassel	Harvey P. Ross
W. Jerome Heather	John Ray Schafer
Charles E. Kolb	Sharon S. Storey
Lawrence L. Howe	jules Supnick
Robert J. Beitel, Jr.	Howard W. Owens
Harold A. Hahn	John D. Perry
Earle S. Lowry	Leo Scholler
William H. Nicklin	Guy D. Wengert
George M. Oschier	Robert L. Wilson
Edward P. Dewey	J. Howard Steeve.
Paul G. Faust	Gordon W. Venable



OMEGA DELTA FRATERNITY OF OPTOMETRISTS
EPSILON CHAPTER

Founded 1922

Established 1923

Fraters in Collegio

C. Russel Buser	Louis H. Himes
William A. Haussman, Jr.	John M. Roche
Wilson N. Smith	Henry H. Bisba
Arthur H. Borland	Alfred P. Cerona
Leon Fegley	Leo E. Gergen
Henri L. Mondor	Philip J. Mondor
Joseph M. Musiano	Casper Gravatt
Harold C. Killheffer	Garrett W. Miller
John F. Morrow, Jr.	Henry M. Schneider
Harry A. Scott	John W. Scott
William J. Tait	William O. Ulrich
J. Earl Ultz	Elmer H. Westland

Arthur C. Whitaker, Jr.

Fraters in Facultate

JULIUS NEUMUELLER, B.S., O.D.	JOHN M. ROCHE, O.D. 5
EDWIN FORBES TAIT, A.B., O.D. 6	

IRIS
1927



ALPHA

Northern Illinois College of Ophthalmology and Otology
Chicago, Illinois

BETA

Needles Institute of Optometry
Kansas City, Missouri

GAMMA

Los Angeles School of Optometry
Los Angeles, California

DELTA

California College of Optometry
San Francisco, California

EPSILON

Pennsylvania State College of Optometry
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ZETA

De Keyser Institute of Optometry
Portland, Oregon

ETA

Missouri College of Optometry
St. Louis, Missouri

THETA

Rochester School of Optometry
Rochester, New York

Alumni

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

A. T. LIACHOWITZ, O.D., '24, PRESIDENT
EDWARD J. LUMMIS, O.D., '22, VICE-PRESIDENT
JOS. H. WOODLAND, O.D., '24, SECRETARY
GEO. A. MACELREE, O.D., '24, TREASURER

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

THOMAS H. BOWNE, O.D., '23
GEORGE SPENCER, O.D., '23
FREDERICK BLAKELEY, O.D., '24
JAMES W. MAGUIRE, O.D., '24
JULIUS NEUMEULLER, O.D., '24
ROY J. POLK, O.D., '24
WM. H. FLUCK, O.D., '26
JOHN D'IPPOLITO, O.D., '26
LEON J. KOLANKIEWICZ, O.D., '26
J. J. McDONALD, O.D., '26

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

STUDENTS and friends of the College entering the main lobby of the college buildings are pleased to find on the walls beautiful pictures, in traditional keystone effect, of the classes who have been graduated and ceremoniously ushered out into the world to assume their share of responsibility. Years of preparation, years of studious application are apparently consummated in achieving the degree of our Alma Mater and the assenting qualifying certificate of the commonwealth. Thus, the finished product, his talents developed and having attained learning and discipline, advances into a realm of service to his fellowman.

Were these likenesses of alumni endowed with the ability of speech and understanding, possessed by the original, who have been tempered by actual contact with experience and its resultant maturity of thought, their opinion and advice would be influential and important to the Class of 1927 and those that will follow. Their voices would proclaim in unison certain axioms fundamentally essential to our profession, to insure its continued progress. They maintain, these voices of the alumni, that:

"The privilege of learning should be continually guarded; the educational standards be maintained; the aspirations and ideals of our institutions of learning should be furthered; the providence of a protecting endowment fund for approved optometric colleges; the adoption of a code of ethics applicable to optometric practice; the availability of clinics and lectures so that every graduate and practitioner can keep abreast with recent advancements; the necessity for actively supporting the national, state and local optometric societies; the realization that the new generation of Optometrists are potent factors in their community and profession."

The continued development of Optometry to a broader and fuller knowledge, devolving itself of a confusing jumble of uncertain methods of procedure, is awakening an appreciative response in the public. It is lowering the bars of prejudice and discrimination and is contributing to a healthy and vigorous growth of co-operation with other professions.

With increasing impetus the profession of Optometry is advancing its scope of service to a plane where a deeper sense of obligation and appreciation is evidenced. A mere superficial knowledge is no longer sufficient to command and retain a clientele. The realization by the public that the Optometrist offers a professional service that is distinctly specific and characteristic, which is inculcated by modern refractive and corrective measures, induces a deliberate selection of such service.

As the presiding officer of the Alumni Association it is my pleasure to congratulate the members of the Class of 1927 and to wish you a full measure of genuine success. An invitation is extended to you to join with us in more than a casual friendship; to urge you to assume the initiative and leadership in your regional optometric organizations for a "Bigger and Better Optometry."

A. T. LIACHOWITZ, O.D., '24.

PRESIDENT, '25, '26, '27.

ALUMNI HISTORY

The Alumni Association of the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry was organized in June, 1922, by the Pioneer Class. Its first officers were: Jerome Waxman, O.D., President; Jos. Weissman, O.D., Secretary. June 13, 1924 A. T. Liachowitz, O.D., was elected President, along with B. Eastwood, O.D., Vice-President, A. Kienast, O.D., Secretary, and G. A. MacElree, O.D., Treasurer. With these men of ability at the helm the Alumni Association became a dominant power in activities at P. S. C. O. It was they who started the Association upon its present career and established it as a permanent institution pledged to keeping together the "old grads."

At the annual meeting June 17, 1925, Drs. Liachowitz and MacElree were elected for a second term in their respective offices. To serve with them F. W. Haussman, O.D., and J. Woodland, O.D., were elected Vice-President and Secretary.

During this year the Association turned its attention to the establishment of a Code of Ethics, a code which has been adopted not only by the college officers and members, but by Optometrists in general. It is used as a basis for Ethics as taught in the college.

In the duration of its existence the Alumni Association has risen from a mere gathering of Philadelphia graduates to a country-wide organization. The Senior Class wishes success to the Alumni through the Alumni Association and promise their support to the propagation of their organization.

Athletics



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Athletic Association was organized in 1922. In the comparatively few years of its existence it has brought the sport life of the College from obscurity, to a plane equal to, if not in advance of the other colleges of the city. The Association is governed by the student body, combined with faculty assistance, and to the officers must be given the credit for the success attained during the year. From the Athletic Association an Athletic Council is elected, the Council being composed of two members of each class. Drs. Morris and Tait, acting in their capacity as faculty advisers, have rendered valuable assistance to the Council and the Association.

The Athletic Association and Council extend their hearty thanks to the faculty, the student body, and our many friends, in appreciation of the support and interest which has made possible the greatest year of the Association.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	S. S. STOREY
<i>Vice-President</i>	L. SCHOLLER
<i>Secretary</i>	MISS A. A. LEUZE
<i>Treasurer</i>	M. H. FRANCIS



THE SEASON

Under the guiding hand and the watchful eye of Coach Otto, basketball reached greater heights of popularity at the college this year than it had ever before attained. With a large number of letter men from the previous year and a wealth of new material from the incoming class on hand, he succeeded in developing for P. S. C. O. a winning team. The season as a whole was the most successful for the Black and White quintette in the history of the institution.

The schedule for the year was the heaviest carried by the team in many years. The Pennsylvania Military College and two games with the Columbia U. School of Pharmacy being added to the City-College League games. The Rochester School of Optometry failed to respond to a pressed invitation extended for a return game this year.

Optometry's colors were again represented in the City-College League, composed of six of the leading colleges of the city. For the first time in the history of the institution the Black and White colors wore the laurels for the first half of the league. It was only





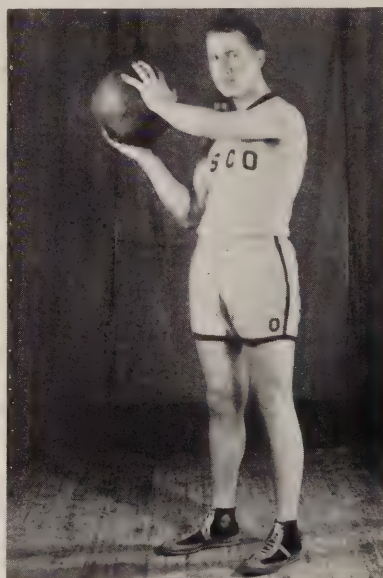
after Optometry had defeated the Temple University Physical Education quintette from Broad and Berks to tie with the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy for first place that the Black and White five showed its supremacy of the league by trouncing the Pharmacy boys to the tune of a 26 to 22 score.

After three weeks of intensive practice, the Optometry men showed their stamina in the opening game of the City-College League by defeating the fast Temple U. Dental College team by a decisive victory. This victory only served as a stimulus to inspire the team to more honors. It was in this game that a new man on the varsity, Venable, showed that he possessed the ability to find the basket as well as move his feet.

The next schedule game did not mar the record of the team. This game was an exciting one from the first whistle to the last. It may be remembered that some of the eye Doctors even lost their voices during the game. Kolb, who played his third year for Optometry this year, brought this game to a thrilling climax in the last thirty seconds of play with a field goal which gave the Black and White quintette a one point victory over Textile.

In the third game we suffered the only defeat during the first half of the league. Optometry suffered from the absence of its captain, Howe, who has starred at the forward position for the past three years. Although Kolb and Ross fought till the last minute they never overcame the lead of the Pharmacy five and went down to their first defeat of the season, 16 to 13.

Optometry next journeyed out to Chester for their first game with the Pennsylvania Military College. Although playing on their home floor and with three teams substituted in the line-up against Optometry's five, the game was over from the start, the P. M. C. quintette never taking the lead. Ross, stellar guard on the Black and White quintette for the past three years, was in evidence all through the game, starting the scoring with a field goal from





the center of the floor. It was a hard day for P. M. C.

This time the Columbia U. College of Pharmacy journeyed over from New York to suffer defeat away from home. Optometry was never threatened during the game and always kept the large end of the score. Davis, guard and manager, saw to it that the New York boys never tied the score.

In the last scheduled game in the first half of the league Optometry defeated, for the first time in the history of the school, the fast Temple University Physical Education team. This was the most exciting game for the Black and White Quintette ever played. The whole Optometry team starred throughout the game and it was a toss-up with the eye men proving that they had no error of refraction by one lone point.

The night of February the fifteenth was a gala night for the Optometrists and will long be cherished in their memory. This game was the play-off for the championship of the first half with Optometry emerging the victors, 26 to 22. The Pharmacy five at no time penetrated beyond the five-man defense of Coach Otto. The whole Optometry five played the greatest game of the season and not once during the game was the score threatened by the Pharmacists.

Howe, captain and forward; Venable, forward; Kolb, center; Ross, guard; and Davis, guard, were the five men who started practically all battles for P. S. C. O. The other members of the team who helped carry the colors on to victory were: Beitle, center; Sholler, guard; Morrow, forward; Dewey, guard; Frampton, forward; and Kushner, guard. The second string men are no less deserving, for it was the squad which gave the varsity chance to keep up the grind necessary for the brand of ball displayed in the league games.

The Central Y. M. C. A. was the scene of all league battles and P. S. O. O. was well represented at all games with a cheering section that was the envy



of the league. The cheering was under the direction of Fegley, who kept Optometry's voices always ringing.

THE VARSITY

Howe, captain and forward, who came to P. S. C. O. from Clearfield, where he starred with the Clearfield High School, has scored many points which added to the victories of the team. It will be remembered that in the game with Rochester he was responsible for the points which sent the boys back to the Flower city on the small end of the score. In him Optometry loses a most valuable player.

The other forward, Venable, is a newcomer on the squad from Germantown. Although this is his first year, he has made an enviable record for himself that P. S. C. O. will long remember. It was Venable's fast work and accurate shots that helped subdue the Pharmacy and P. M. C. quintettes. May he have many more seasons as successful as the past one.

The pivot position has been held for the past three years by Kolb, otherwise known as Dutch, who hails from Williamsport, Pa. Kolb starred with the Williamsport High before entering P. S. C. O. It would suffice to say that Kolb was second high scorer in the City-College League for the first half of the season, missing first place by only three points. That in itself is a record of great ability. He has made a great name for himself and the Black and White colors suffer a great loss in his graduation.

Ross, otherwise known as Bull, who has guarded the opponents' basket for Optometry and played the floor at the same time, hails from Durham, N. C. Although it is rumored that he is lazy, he doesn't show it on the basketball court. He always started the scoring with a long one from the center of the floor and then helped it along with a foul. Optometry loses in him a guard of great ability.

Davis, guard and manager, who is playing his second season of varsity basketball, hails from way down yonder in New Orleans. Davis' fouls accounted for more than one victory of the Black and White quintette. It was the same whether we won or lost for he was always fighting until the last goal.

HI-LITES OF THE SEASON

Venable's hey, hey, Hey, Hey, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HAY, HAY!

Davis' "sensational and nerve-racking foul shooting." Note—(There's no use, fellows, for his footwork has been registered in the U. S. patent office.)

Kolb's fantastic airplane shots; they hit the "air" and the floor!

Ross, "Now let's play football for a while Pharmacy!" (He'll play Way-back.)

The team presents Howe with a "Golden Saddle" to save his back from the opposition's guards!

Beitle has received his monthly check for his "Floor Sweeping Maneuvers" at the Y. M. C. A.

Morrow's "Now I wasn't running."

Dewey to Frampton (after stopping one in the face with the ball), "Do you think that I'm the goal?"

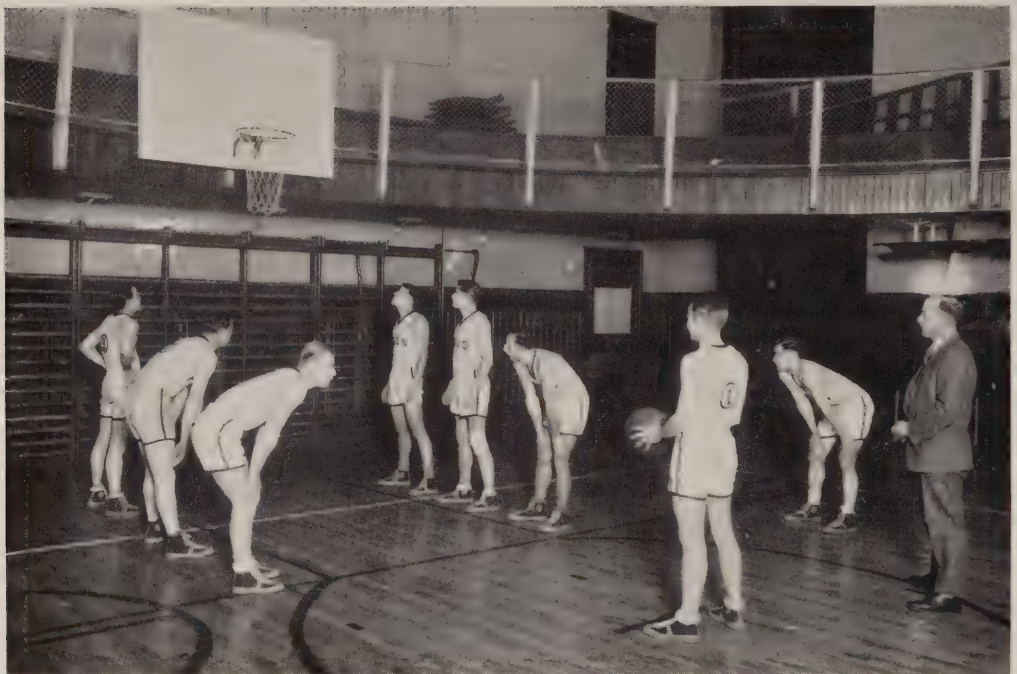
Kushner, "Now break the other ankle, boys, I have insurance on both of them."

Sholler, "Well, when do we start, I crave action."

Coach Otto (to team), "Now get in there boys and use the old bean."

RESULTS OF THE SEASON

Optometry	38	Temple Dental	25
"	26	Textile	25
"	13	P. C. P.	16
"	25	P. M. C.	24
"	32	Columbia U. College of Phar.....	22
"	27	Temple Phys. Education.....	26
"	26	P. C. P.	22
"	20	Col. U. College of Phar.	27



About The College

THE BULL PEN

SO, FRATERNITIES, and the BULL PEN are all essentials in the life of a student at P. S. C. O. Each has its claim, but the BULL PEN holds no minor place in the heart of every student. Why BULL PEN? No one but a stranger would ask such a question, and even he on entering its sacred portals would murmur a meek "Oh!" and leave much the wiser.

Everyone congregates in the BULL PEN. Representatives from every "important" place in the country; web-foots from Northern Michigan, flat-foots from southern Louisiana, sand-snipers from the pines of Jersey, coal heavers from western Pennsylvania, men from Massachusetts, "gentlemen" from North Carolina, and frosh. New York is represented by a score and Philadelphia by nearly as many, and they all agree that the Best Little Place on Earth is HOME!



There are nearly enuf boys from south the Mason-Dixon Line that we are nearly convinced that the South did win the Civil War.

We have to admit that the northern boys are all loyal to their home towns. They are always boosting them, New York, Pittsburgh, Butler (there's the town to settle down and die in), Trenton, Uniontown, Hancock, Scranton, Bristol, everyone of 'em is THE place. But why don't the southern boys boost their towns? They seem more big hearted. It's North Carolina State or Florida State or Louisiana State, they always take in the whole state.

Yes, we agree, it's no bull; there sure is a lot of bull thrown in the BULL PEN.

Everything is taken for granted within the walls of the BULL PEN. High financial deals are dealt. Deep questions involving serious thought are thrashed out, such as, that last date, the best show in town, curiosity over the "dame" with "Musty" last nite, the newest dance and how Fegly does it, and so forth.

Entering the BULL PEN by way of the stairs, its only entrance, we are confronted with a babble of noise, a cloud of smoke, laughter, and more noise. It is 12.45 and many are returning from lunch and the room is soon crowded. From our advantageous point on the stairway we see through the haze of smoke a small room. Lockers range along the walls, the whole room is taken up with benches similar to those in railroad stations, back to back. Students are leaning against the lockers, others are lounging on the benches, all are talking, all are smoking. One group of men is holding a "bull session," and we hear Gerson lecturing to some Freshmen on the advisability of refracting a glass eye with the ophthalmometer. "Aw, you can't fool me," pipes up one of the innocents, "You are supposed to use the retinoscope."

Another group is studying; there is no doubt that they are Freshmen.

What is that group doing way in the back? Quite a crowd has collected around. Someone from the middle of the bunch says, "All right I'll——," the next word is lost in a burst of noise and we hear him end the sentence with the number "21."

Farther back we hear the strains, very much strained—of Hassel's banjo as his melodious voice chimes in with, "Oh, P. S. C. O., we'll think of you wherever we go. The Black and the White——" and the rest of the song is obliterated when someone from the group howls, "What luck!"

There sure is fun when the boys can induce Bill to talk. "I've seen 'em come," says he, "and I've seen 'em go, but I'm just tellin' you guys you're the wisest bunch of wise guys we ever had here. You're a bunch of second and third year Freshmen, that's all ya are."

The BULL PEN, noise and smoke, laughter and talk, more noise and commotion. Smoke, that is the thing that always impresses us most. Smoke so thick that even Meyer feels right at home. The place always reminds us of Pittsburgh, not that we are any authority on said town, praised be, but that is our impression from—well, that's our impression anyway. The parlor door bangs as the rope and weight creaks on its pulley. Someone yells out, "Who swiped my soap?"

White wings are beginning to change into their D. P. W. uniforms. 12.59 P. M. Someone comes tumbling down stairs, "Herman gone up, Juniors!" Nuff sed.

HENRY H. BISBEE, '28.

Illustrated by

CASPER GRAVATT, '29.

THE ANUAL SHOW

Each year the students of P. S. C. O. keenly anticipate the fun and preparation that accompanies their annual show. The proceeds derived from their efforts are appropriated toward the maintenance of the college clinic and dispensing of glasses for the needy poor.

Shows put on previous to the 1926 show were in the form of minstrels, but at that time the general plan was changed, a vaudeville show supplanting the old minstrel show. The seven acts on the bill were all student talent with the exception of two; these being the offerings of Dr. Deissler and Professor Westburgh. The performance was held in the auditorium of the New Century Club and was followed by dancing to music furnished by Jack McNeil and his Diamond Club Orchestra, who also furnished the incidental music, under the direction of J. B. D'Ippollito, during the rendition of the show. All of the performers received the hearty congratulations of the large audience, and speaking from a financial standpoint, their efforts were well repaid.

The various acts were under the direction and coaching of our friend and professor, Dr. Deissler, who has had much experience in this work. All of the boys feel deeply indebted to him for any success or glory they may have gained.

Certainly, to make any show a success, a thoroughly competent staff is needed and since we feel that our staff was of just that calibre, we take pleasure in presenting it to you:

C. C. Hassel	General Manager,
W. K. Lockhart	Stage
J. G. E. Roeger	House
W. W. Royall	Property
Miss G. Kelly	Secretary,
Miss A. Leuze	Treasurer,
J. Engle	Publicity,
H. G. Plack	Stage Electrician,

We are confident that the 1927 show will eclipse that of the year before. It will again be under the guidance of Dr. Deissler and management of C. C. Hassel, and in view of the added talent of the freshman class, will be a record breaker for P. S. C. O. shows.

THE JUNIOR PROM

They sure do deserve a lot of credit. Who? Why the Junior Prom committee for putting over the niftiest, hottest, little dance in the annals of P. S. C. O. How was the orchestra? Hot and loud. The floor? Smooth as glass. The girls? Wonderful. The boys? Swell—well. And the whole dance in general? Great.

Boy, you sure did miss some won-der-ful dance if you didn't attend the Junior Prom of the Class of Twenty-eight held in the Junior Ball Room of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel on the eleventh of February, 1927. The floor was jammed with dancers from ten o'clock, when the dance began to the strains of Gus Daniels and his orchestra, till 2 in the morning when they played "Home Sweet Home." There were about 150 couples present, each one of which had "the time of his life."

Of course we all enjoyed the dance immensely, but there is the other side which only a few know about, the committee's job. Marling Miller as chairman with Ed Meyer, Bill Nicklin and Bob Beitel deserve a lot of credit. They worked hard to put the dance across. Leon Davis, the class treasurer, also deserves honorable mention for the way in which he collected class dues. Financially we made a few bucks. What more could be wanted?

We want to thank the upper and lower classes for their support.

We are certain that the Junior Prom of the Class of Twenty-eight, which in our estimation overshadows all previous affairs in the memory of the College, will long stand as an example for future endeavors along this line.

HENRY H. BISBEE, '28.

OUR BILL

We here present "Bill" Graham, our campus manicurist, caloric engineer, night watchman, and keeper of the inner and outer courts. He has become a permanent fixture in the College building, fulfilling a purpose in the College closely resembling that of statues in a museum—internal beauty. "I'm tellin' you guys you're gettin' outta here long before you oughta. I ain't tellin' the office, but you guys are gettin' out before your time. I'm tellin' you, I am." "Bill" had his troubles, as we all remember, being born with a "bad constitution." It was rumored that Dr. Fitch was to resign to give place to "Bill," but the Board of Trustees refused to meet his salary demands. "Bill" wasn't so anxious about changing offices with Dr. Fitch, since he would lose much of his authority and esteem were he to acquiesce in the change. Hurrah for the Irish and "Bill."





CLINICS

IRIS

1927



CLINICS

ALBERT FITCH, O.D., F.P.C.O.

Professor of Optometric Practice, Director

CHIEFS OF CLINIC

EDWIN FORBES TAIT, A.B., O.D., *Professor of Optometry*

MAXWELL HERMAN, M.D., *Profesor of Pathology*

ASSOCIATE CHIEF OF CLINIC

GEORGE A. MACELREE, JR., O.D., *Instructor in Optometry*

ASSISTANT CHIEFS OF CLINIC

HOLLIS G. KELLY, O.D.

LOUIS TRANO, O.D.

JOSEPH WOODLAND, O.D.

JOSEPH J. McDONALD, O.D.

ROY J. POLK, O.D.

WILLIAM H. FLUCK, O.D.

LEON J. KOLANKIEWICZ, O.D.

HORACE N. HOLL, O.D.

COLLEGE CLINICS

By EDWIN FORBES TAIT, A.B., O.D., Chief of Clinic

IN PROFESSIONAL preparation, perhaps the most important of all the instruction, since it usually makes the difference between success or failure in practice, is the training in the technique and methods of the profession. All those who have any knowledge of the situation will concede that this is as true in Optometry as it is in medicine, dentistry, or pharmacy.

However well equipped the student in the very extensive basic knowledge of his profession, if he has had no opportunity during his student days to



Corridor Used as Clinic Waiting Room

apply and co-relate that knowledge, his inexperience will handicap him when he enters into practice and possibly cause him to fail.

At the time the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry began its work, the law governing the practice of Optometry in Pennsylvania required that the student attend his professional school only to acquire the fundamental principles of his profession as the practical clinical procedure was to be gained during an enforced year of internship under the direction of a licensed Optometrist. This institution, at that time, offered comparatively little clinical instruction or experience to the student not only by reason of the provisions of the law but also because actual experience had shown that it was impossible to cover thoroughly both the basic theory and the practical work in two years.

After several years' trial, however, it was found that the third year

internship system was quite unsatisfactory as only a few really capable Optometrists were in a position to give the proper type of instruction and practice to their protégés. This condition led the able and efficient Pennsylvania State Board to seek a remedy with the result that, after much consideration and many conferences with the college authorities, the Board, through its secretary, Dr. Chester H. Johnson, secured an amendment to the Optometry Act which made the collegiate requirement three years. This action for the first time made it possible for the College to extend and amplify its course, even though it had offered a three-year course before the amendment was presented to the Legislature and a considerable percentage of the student body voluntarily matriculated for the full time.

A very serious problem was created, however, in that the practical



Ophthalmological Room

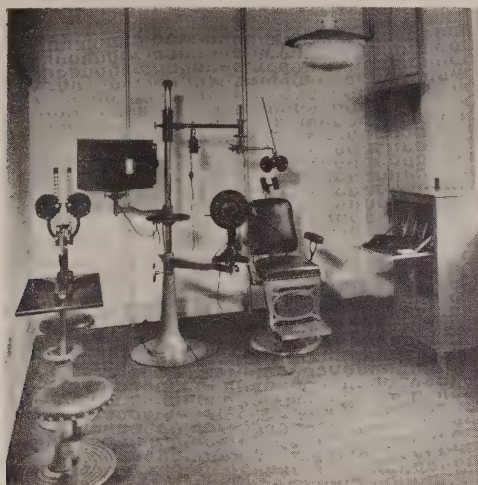
instruction and the actual practice must be given by the College instead of by practicing Optometrists as formerly. With this problem in mind, Dr. Fitch, our President, presented to the Board of Trustees a building program which included, as the first and most needed unit, a clinical building. The acceptance of this recommendation resulted in the construction of a new building especially designed for clinical work, which with equipment represented a cost of over \$35,000.00 thus giving the College what is perhaps the best equipped and largest refraction clinic building in the world. While the principal interest is refraction, the treatment of ocular pathology forms no small part of the service given.

From the inception of the College, clinics had been held and a very considerable amount of most excellent work had been done even with the limited space and equipment available in the early days, and there was the

nucleus of an efficient clinical organization. The present organization consists of Dr. Fitch as general director with a staff composed of three clinical chiefs, Dr. Maxwell Herman, Dr. George A. MacElree, Jr., and the writer, twelve assistant clinical chiefs, and twenty-seven interns, the latter being third-year students.

Clinical service to the public is absolutely free, no charge being made for work of any kind, and in addition a considerable number of poor and needy persons are supplied with free glasses each year. These latter must be vouched for by social service agencies or by responsible professional men, for as yet the College maintains no social service bureau.

Owing to the generosity of practically all of the great equipment manufacturers, the clinics have been equipped with the very latest and best



Shur-On Standard Examination Room

apparatus through donations whose total value runs into many thousands of dollars. In addition many individual gifts of equipment have been made by interested optometrists and others. Thus all students have the opportunity of becoming familiar with the most modern apparatus and methods, for they do all of the routine clinical refraction under the direction of their chiefs.

The attendance at the daily clinics is growing constantly. The total for the school year of 1925-26 will be well over three thousand visits, and this has been accomplished only through co-operation of a few Optometrists and without making any effort to bring the clinical facilities to the attention of the public. It will readily be seen that the value of the year of clinical internship to the student is incalculable, as he will there receive instruction

and practice in many difficult cases which are comparatively rare in practice but which occasionally present themselves to the discomfiture of the practitioner who has had no such experience.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry Clinics to the public at large and to the profession. The



American Optical Examination Room

popularity and prestige of any profession is in direct ratio to the services rendered to suffering humanity, and as with the passing of the years the suffering caused by ocular troubles has become more generally understood, the Optometrist is able to do much to promote the comfort and efficiency of the population as a whole.

In recent years, many supposedly hopeless cases have been relieved and corrected because of the fact that such cases can be studied for long periods in a clinic and lend themselves to the application of the newer theories and methods which are constantly being evolved by the research workers in applied Optometry.

The opportunity to take advantage of this service is extended to any practicing Optometrist and patients referred for study and report are given every care and attention while careful attention is given to the best interests of the practitioner who referred the patient.

Many physicians also take advantage of the accurate and prompt report system where they desire, as a help in general diagnosis, a complete report on the physical and refractive condition of the patient's eye.

At the present time the clinical facilities are heavily taxed and the space devoted to that purpose must shortly be extended, even though the clinics have now in use an amphitheatre, an ophthalmological treatment room, a registration and waiting room and twelve completely equipped refracting rooms.



HUMOR AND ADVERTISING



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THE REGISTRAR

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AFTER ALL

"Darling," he asked as he drew her close to him, "am I the only man you have ever kissed?"

"Archibald," she replied, somewhat testily, "before we go any further I would like to ask you a few questions. You are aware that my father is a millionaire, aren't you?"

"Y-yes."

"You also know that I own nearly half a million dollars' worth of property in my own name?"

"Y-y-yes."

"Then, dammit, why the devil don't you talk sense! What difference would it make to you if I had been kissed by a thousand men before I met you?"

Adonis—May I hold your hand?

Venus—Dear me. I suppose we will have to start with the preliminaries.

MY WONDER GIRL

They were strolling through a garden—alone. The moon lay against the face of the evening sky like a huge silver coin flung carelessly on some gigantic blue counter. Magic was in the air.

"My Wonder Girl," he whispered softly.

"Honeybunch," she murmured.

Then for a while they walked together in silence. The loveliness of the night, the fragrance and beauty of it all, their nearness to each other. . . .

He broke the charmed silence.

"My Wonder Girl."

"My Darling," she answered.

Again they ambled along in silence, and this time she spoke first.

"How is My Darling?"

A note of anxiousness, of wistfulness, was in her voice.

"No," he replied, "I still think My Wonder Girl would be a much better name for your saddle horse."

FAMOUS SHIPS

A Galleon of Scotch.

A Schooner of Beer.

Steamer Trunk.

Sub Committee.

Rat Destroyer.

Boat Swain.

A Dog's Bark.

Hair Clipper.

Paper Cutter.

Hunkey Dory.

Brig Backmybonnietome.

He—Do you believe in free love?

She—Yes, but let's go to the movies first.

First Gal—That guy is so wealthy he has money to burn.

Second Gal—Well, I must say I never suffered from heat while I was out with him.

"I'm striking a happy medium," said the detective as he hit the fake spiritualist over the head.

Mother—Did you give your penny to the Sunday School collection, Johnny?

Johnny—No, Mother, I lost it.

"What, lost another one? That makes three Sundays on which you've lost your pennies."

"Yes, Mother, but that darned kid's luck can't last forever."

A CO-ED'S DREAM

I love in spring and winter,

In summer and in fall,

But right around December

My love is best of all.

For as each long year closes,

I break most moral laws;

I give most satisfaction

Awaiting Santa Claus.

The Chinese must be ferocious fighters. Look what they did to Dick's shirt.

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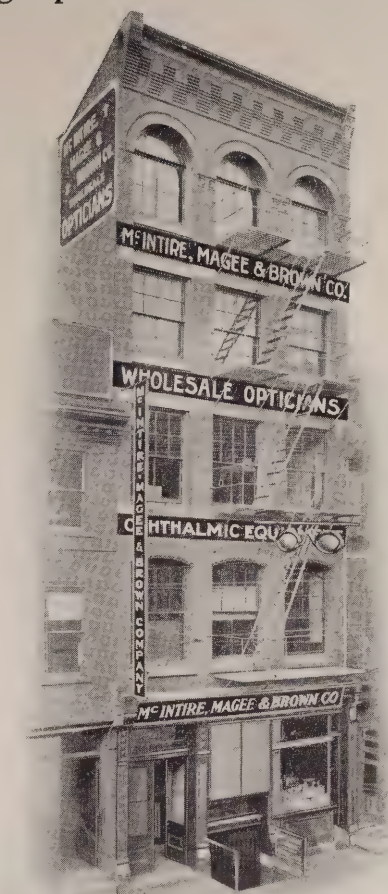
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SOAP-SUDS

"May I hold your Palmolive?"
 "Not on your Lifebuoy."
 "Here's where I get the Colgate."
 "I Woodbury that if I were you."
 "Ivory'l good reason for telling you."
 "No Lux, big boy, no Lux."
 "Rinso's your old man."
 —Olive Oil.

Dumb—You say your friend went blind from drinking coffee. Was there a stick in it?
 Dora—No, a spoon.

She—How could any girl help loving you?
 He—I don't know—but lots of 'em do.

1st Frosh—How did you make out in Dr. Lait's intelligent test? I suppose he found your mental age about twelve.

2nd Frosh—He claimed I hadn't been born yet.

Auto Tourist—I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me, and yet you say I was to blame.

Local Cop—You certainly was.

Autoist—Why?

Local Cop—Because his father is Mayor, his brother is Chief of Police, and I go with his sister.

—Buffalo Bison.

UPS AND DOWNS

Mary had a little waist,

Where waists are meant to grow,
 And everywhere the fashions went
 The waist was sure to go.

"Who were the two women you and Jack were out with last night?"

"A pair of convent girls."

"How."

"Oh, it was nun o' this and nun o' that."

—Columbia Jester.

Parent—Yes, my boy, the lad who marries my girl gets a prize.

Thomas—Goodness, that's an inducement!

Old Boy (laying out another chip)
 —Guess I'll have to raise you, sweetie!

Young Thing—Guess I'll have to call you daddy.

—Stanford Chaparral.

"Don't you think she's crazy, getting engaged?"

"No! not crazy—just sentimentally defective!"

—Everybody's Weekly.

OFFERED AND TAKEN

She—I can guarantee to teach the black bottom in ten minutes.

He—Well, you'll have to get a wiggle on.

ESCAPE

She (coily)—Have you forgotten you asked me to marry you last night?

He (thinking fast)—No, indeed—but you haven't forgotten you said you wouldn't, have you?

"I wish I had the money to get married."

"What do you want to get married for?"

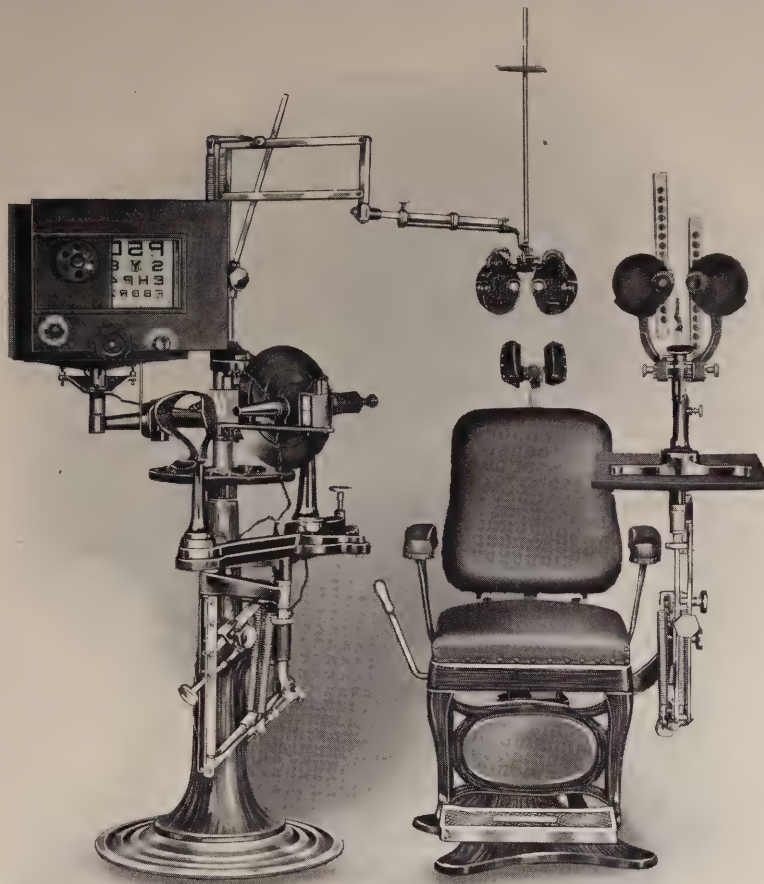
"Who said anything about wanting to get married? I want the money to buy a Ford."

HE'D LEARNED HIS LESSON

An Atchison father was called on the carpet because he never gave his children written excuses when they were tardy at school. "I won't write notes to no school teacher; that's how I got stomach trouble," said the man, to strengthen his position. The school authorities looked puzzled. "I married her afterward," he continued.

—Atchison Globe.

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1927



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What's the hardest thing about ice-skating when you're learning?" asked the beginner.

"The ice," was the short reply.

"I shall never marry," William declared, "until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite."

"Well, Bill," said Aggie, "that shouldn't be difficult. There are a number of intelligent girls at school."

Samson—Do you neck?

Delilah—S-a-y, that's my business.

Samson—Well, let's transact a little business.

He—Can I kiss you?

She—I don't know, can you?

Some paper bags, a bunch of rags
She placed beneath her bed,
Some gasoline, and then a match,
And soon the flames were red.

She gave a grin and jumped right in
Above those burning things.
This homesick girl from "Arkansaw"
Was longing for Hot Springs.

COLLEGE FAIRY TALES

By Grime

Once there was a boy who went to college, made fraternities, girls, parties, and grades.

Once there was a little girl who went to college on an allowance, and stayed within it.

Once a college boy took a blind date—and she was good-looking and not a lemon, and he wasn't sorry he went.

Once a boy kissed a college girl the first night out, and she slapped him.

Once a college boy did what he set out to do, and didn't do the things he'd been told not to do.

Once there was a college girl, who studied nights, and was popular.

Once upon a time there was a college boy, and he asked, "Are you hungry?" And she answered, "No."

GOOD REPORTS

"What do you hear from your son at college?"

"The local bank reports that he is well and happy."

—*Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.*

"And when are they to be married?"

"Never, I'm afraid."

"Why?"

"Well, she won't marry him until he pays his debts, and he can't pay his debts until she marries him."

—*Scream.*

Him—There is one word that will make me the happiest man in the world. Will you marry me?

Her—No.

Him—That's the word.

REVERIE

There are some girls who won't,
And some girls who don't
And then some who would if they dared;

Some find it most thrilling,
And are perfectly willing,
To kiss as often as you cared;

But I like the shy ones,
The cute little sly ones,

Who tempt, at the same time denying,

For, oh boy, when they give in,
They make life worth livin',

So you can't blame a fellow for trying.

"Splendid, Aloysius, I see by the papers that the price of gasoline has come down."

"That's right, Hepsibah, but I had no idea you had a car."

"I haven't but I've got one of those trick cigar lighters."

"Why are you scratching yourself, Tommy?"

"Because I'm the only one who knows where I itch."

IRIS
1927

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"I'll talk to you when you're sober."
"But, Mary, you won't be interested in me when you're that old."

THE MANHANDLING

Mercilessly he pounded and thumped the quivering, inarticulate thing before him. At times he would ruthlessly strike it in a regular rhythmical frenzy and then, as if taking pity for a moment, he would cease. But the intermissions were all too short for the racked and tortured object. Had it been able to speak it would have pleaded for a rest, but it was mute and could only endure this awful punishment in silence.

When it seemed that the poor bruised frame of the persecuted could endure no more, Ben rolled this manuscript out of his typewriter, folded the little portable machine, and put it away for the night.

Dr. Mac Elree to students in back row—Can you hear me back there?
Frosh in unison—No.

Two fathers of college seniors were discussing their sons:

"Why, my son is so lazy he wants to open an ice factory in Alaska."

"Why, man, my son would like to get a job with your son as book-keeper."

FAMOUS COLORS

Brown of Harvard.
Red Grange.
The Green Hat.
Yellow Streaks.
Blue Laws.
White Lies.
Mauve Decade.
Thomas Gray.
Lemon Squeezer.
Ivory Soap.
Rose Marie.
Maroon Donanislend.

Dr. Westbrugh—Name the five senses.

Meyer—Nickels.

Dumb Co-ed—Will you please show me some toothbrushes? What's the name of this one?

Clerk—That's the Belvadere.

Sir, I'll report you to the management.

A girl I hate
Is Lizzie Beer.
Her birthday comes
Ten times a year.

She was only a fireman's daughter.
But phew—how she burned them up.

I dined a girlie yesterday,
A dainty bit of lace.
She led me right up to her door—
Then shut it in my face.

CLOSE FRIENDSHIP

"Theodore, they tell me you are seen around Alysse quite a bit lately."

"Aye, Mortimer; she calleth me 'Teddy' because I am closest to her heart."

"Didn't you say there was something you liked about me?"

"Yes, but you've spent it all."

NECKING NELLIE

This college girl was pensive,
The reason was, "by heck,"
She mournfully regretted,
She only had one neck.

CLOSE-UP

A skin-tight hat, a cigarette,
A lip with a disdainful curl,
A skirt that stockings never met—
A "clothes-up" of the modern girl.

She—That last kiss was nice, dear.
He—Who said that was the last one?

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"You can't marry my daughter," he said to the Air Mail Pilot. "You're a dirty fly-by-night."

A MATTER OF CHOICE

As the light of the moon filtered down through the budding twigs of the interlacing branches, the man turned his thin, dark face toward the girl, who sat beside him in the smart emerald roadster.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" he asked meaningly.

"I won't—I—I can't!" she exclaimed.

"It's a matter of choice," he said nonchalantly. "You can walk back or you can——"

"Stop!" she cried. "You frighten me."

"This isn't a time for fright," he answered. "It is a time merely for good judgment—good judgment on your part. There's really nothing to frighten you."

"I know—but I've never done it before."

"It's not too late in life for you to begin now," returned the man, stepping from the roadster. "Come on—get out."

"Don't!" she shrieked. "Lord, haven't I suffered enough tonight?"

"Suffered?" he repeated in surprise. "How have you suffered?"

She looked up at him pitifully as he stepped to her side.

"Dammit, Jack, it's my corn! The thing has been killing me, ever since the first dance. I can't walk back, even if we have stripped the gears on the roadster?"

She—Do you know a good place to pet?

Dutch—No, I never took anatomy.

"A TRUE CONFESSION STORY"

"No, lady, I am not taking subscriptions to this magazine in order to pay my way through college, neither am I working for any special prize, or a trip to Europe. I'm not after votes. In fact I am trying to get subscriptions for this magazine for the money that's in it. The magazine is not free. It costs you one dollar a year out of which I get fifty cents. We don't send you the magazine free for just 'two pennies a week postage,' and if you get it you're lucky, and if you don't get it you're not missing much."

"Would you," asked the self-made man, "would you love my daughter just as much if she had no money?"

"Why, certainly," answered the lovesick swain.

"Then you must be a half-wit. Get out!"

"I hear you've accepted Jack," said an old flame of his. "I suppose he never told you he once proposed to me."

"No," retorted Jack's new sweetie, "not exactly. He merely said he had done a lot of silly things before meeting me. But I didn't ask him what they were."

Wise-stude—Have you anything snappy in rubber bands?

Clerk—No, but we have something catchy in fly-paper.

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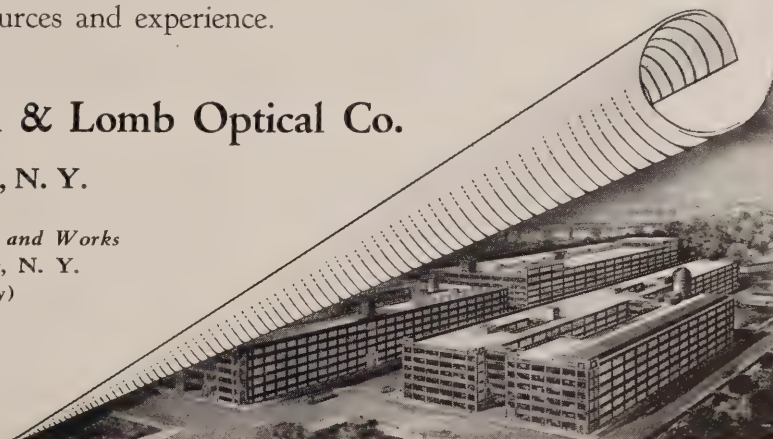
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(partial view)*



"Yes, sir. It certainly pays to study," said the young man as he received his usual fifty dollar pay check from his old man. "If not for my studies I wouldn't have this check. And I owe it all to my fellow students."

Peggy's Father—Do you support yourself?

Ella—Why, yes, sir.

Peggy's Father—Then you ought to be abolished by the board of health!

Ella—For what?

Peggy's Father—For maintaining a nuisance!

Cold cash never makes us shiver.

"She treated me like I was a photographer."

"How come?"

"She handed me her negative."

SIGNALS!

Downtown

The other day

I espied a co-ed

And decided

To talk with her

Whereupon she told me

To please observe

The traffic rules

Which I did

And it said "Go"

And I did.

A charming young lady, from Mas-tique

Was performing some neat "poses plastique"

She departed with speede,

Of a pin being in neede,

One can never depend on elastique.

Angel—Your cousin high-hatted me last night. I suppose he thinks I'm not his equal.

Face—Why, you are so. He's nothing but a blundering idiot!

"Congratulations. I hear you are going to be married."

"Who told you that. I am *not* going to be married."

"Congratulations!"

Sorority—Billy proposed to me last night. I wonder if he loves me? He's only known me a few days.

Fraternity—In that event, he probably still does.

The boss came in early one morning and found his bookkeeper kissing the stenographer. "Is this what I pay you for?" "No, I do this free of charge."

"In my business, the harder I work the lower I get," bemoaned the trench digger.

Dad—I'll not have this. You must come home earlier. Why, what on earth would a college educated girl be doing out this late in a car?

Co-ed—Now, Daddy, don't get nasty."

FAMOUS HINTS

"Just because my watch isn't going is no reason for you to park here all night."

"The only reason I am behind in my studies," said Oscar Whimplepoof "is so that I can pursue them better."

District Attorney—What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer.

Juryman—Insanity.

What! The whole twelve of you?

She was only a window blind manufacturer's daughter, but she had a shady reputation.

She was only a laundryman's daughter, but she certainly was a washout!

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"Did you take her home after the show."

"No, my folks were home."

AND THEY MURDERED LINCOLN

He—We had a wonderful time at the dance last night.

Him—But you can't dance.

He—Fule, nobody did!

Him—And when you took her home did you kiss her?

He—Yes, after a slight struggle. She must have liked it, though she didn't express herself exactly that way.

Him—Quick, shoot the works!

He—Well, you see, she said, "I'd like to see you come here again!"

"Did you ever ride home from an automobile ride with a college boy?"

"Yes, I'm no snob."

Hodge—Her past is nothing to speak of.

Podge—No wonder she is so popular with the students!

Hankins—Your name?

Gob—C. Faring Mann.

Hankins—I asked your name, not your occupation!

SWALLOW THIS ONE

He sat at Murray's lunch counter. He glanced at his watch. Damn! Only ten minutes to make that class. Hell! He'd have to hurry. He gulped down a sandwich and glass of milk, and then pointing to a pie at the back of the counter, said: "I'll have a piece of that blackberry pie."

"That isn't blackberry," said Bruce, as he dusted off the dead flies with his apron, "It's custard."

Dr. Fitch—Why did you hit Meyer on the nose?

Pemetti—'Cause whenever I tried his nose was in the way.

Smith—My girl's a red head.

Engle—Mine's dumb too.

"By cracky! Here I be ninety-nine years old today and never have used glasses," proudly boasted old Mr. Jenkins. "Yes, sir, I've always preferred to drink from a bottle," added the aged gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am soliciting donations for our rummage sale. What do you do with your old clothes?"

"Why, I brush them carefully at night, and I put them on again the next morning."

THEN I KILLED HIM

The new revenue officer arrived in the district. Approaching a particularly sloppy looking individual, he tendered him a dollar and asked: "I say, Bud, can you tell me where there is a private still?"

"Yes," replied the native, "follow me."

After traveling miles through mountainous roads and ugly swamps, they reached a clearing in which stood a tumble-down shack. Approaching the building, they saw an old decrepit-looking man chopping wood in the yard.

"There's yer man," pointed out the native. "He jerned the army as a private under General Lee in '64, and he's a private still!"

THAT EXQUISITE CREATURE

She was a dream.

The fairest bit of femininity I have ever seen, with her great, dark eyes, alight with a mysterious something that beckoned in unison with the inviting curve of her slightly parted lips.

When I kissed her my pulses pounded madly and my blood coursed with the invigorating swiftness that comes from a quaffing of old wine.

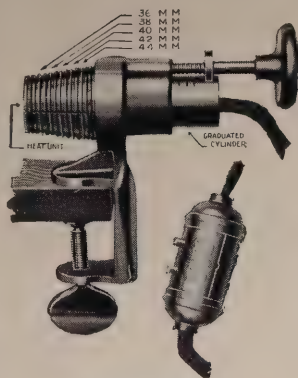
She is often in my thoughts, even though a weary space has passed since that unforgettable night.

I have never seen her again.

She was a dream.

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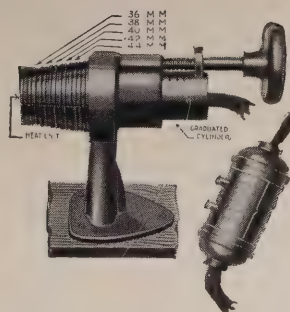
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HORSE LOGIC

We go to college to improve our faculties.

Our professors are our faculties.
Therefore, we go to college to improve our professors.

Bill says, "Us college men must stick together."

There are always two ways of looking at a thing, particularly if you have alternating squint.

Kutch—Why, yes, I'll examine you for five dollars.

Patient—All right, doc, and if you find it, we'll split fifty-fifty.

Ross, Sr.—What is your son doing at college?

Booth, Sr.—Writing.

Ross, Sr.—Poems?

Booth, Sr.—No, home for money.

Hassel—At one time I was also bald-headed, and in order to make my hair grow, I drank milk.

Goldstein—Thanks for the advice; I'll try it too.

Hassel—I'm afraid, Harry, that in your case it's too late; I started when I was a baby.

A Freshman—Doctor, I find that when I attempt to swim my body sinks while my head floats.

Dr. Morris—That is physical phenomenon; vacuum is higher than water and therefore will float on it.

He—I haven't the courage to kiss you, you always scream.

She—I'm hoarse now.

WHEN JOKES WERE NEW
Whatever trouble Adam had
No man in days of yore
Could say that when he had told a
joke—
"I've heard that one before."

"Well, have you given John his final answer?"

"Not yet, dear; but I've given him his final 'No.'"

Recently some burglars broke in a physician's office and according to the newspapers they operated wonderfully.

Musiano—Do you know where the corneo scleral junction is?

Cerone—First tell me, is it a station on the Reading or Pennsylvania Railroad.

Co-ed I—Frampton will not play this year on the baseball team because of his eyes.

Co-ed II—But, I thought they are just beautiful.

Beacher—I wish they would throw all the whiskey in the ocean; this world would then be entirely different.

Ross—You bet your life, different; everybody would be in the ocean instead of on land.

Fegley—I would like to work on your railroad, sir.

R. R. Pres.—What did you do in college?

Fegley—Oh, I studied a bit and was cheerleader at the basketball games.

R. R. Pres.—Fine! You can stand in the station with a megaphone and announce the trains.

Fragin—You fooled me, by selling me this typewriter.

Salesman—I beg your pardon, this typewriter is of high quality.

Fragin—That might be true, but it doesn't know how to spell the words.

Cholly—Are you sure that Jack loves you, and you alone?

Molly—Oh, yes; more than than at any other time.



Service Quality

A policy always
adhered to in the
past, and which is
to be continued in
the future.

* * *

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PENNA.

Ridgeway—Why do you make such a sour face?

Wilson—I have a toothache.

Ridgeway—I'd have it pulled out if it were mine.

Wilson—So would I, if it were yours.

Here is the New Guide to Birthstones:

For laundress, the soapstone.
For diplomats, the boundary-stone.
For architects, the cornerstone.
For cooks, the puddingstone.
For bolsheviks, the bloodstone.
For sugar dealers, the sandstone.
For taxi driver, the milestone.
For grouches, the bluestone.
For Irishmen, the Blarney Stone.
For borrowers, the touchstone.
For pedestrians, the paving stone.
For stock brokers, the curbstone.
For stock brokers, the curbstone.
For shoemakers, the cobblestone.
For burglars, the keystone.
For manicurist, the pumice stone.
For tourists, the Yellowstone.
For beauties, the peachstone.
For geniuses, the tombstone.
For P. S. C. O. grads the grindstone.

What strange liberties our story writers take with their characters' eyes. Here are a few examples:

"Her eyes roamed carelessly around the room."

"With her eyes she riveted him to the spot."

"He tore his eyes from her face and they fell on the letter at her feet."

"He drank her in with drowning eyes."

"Their eyes met for a long, breathless moment and swam together."

"Marjory would often take her eyes from the deck and cast them far out to sea."

"He tore his eyes away from hers, causing intense pain to both." We would think it would.

THE PSALM OF MODERN LIFE

By Ivy Kellerman Reed

Tell me not, while reason slumbers,
Beauty's but a flapper's dream,
Or that females in vast numbers
Aren't aware how old they seem.

Seek attractiveness in earnest!
Let perfection be thy goal;
Old thou art, to youth returnest—
Tell this message to thy soul.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
If thy figure thou wouldst save,
Cease all thought of further eating—
To be slender, first be brave.

Trust no neighbor, however pleasant,
Ask a specialist instead;
Act, act in the living present,
Don't be old until thou'rt dead!

At the bridge or mah jong battle
Best be full of pep and life;
Do not look like ungroomed cattle,
Be a modern sort of wife.

Looks of women all remind us
We can fix our faces fine,
And, departing, leave behind us
Debts in shops right down the line.

Beauty shops, each week another,
Where they work with might and main,
Fixing us, and also mother,
So we'll all be young again.

Let us, then, be up and doing!
With a faith in each new way.
Still, departed youth pursuing,
Learn to labor—and to pay!

MODERN MOTHER'S ADVICE TO DAUGHTER

Let fashion be your foremost guide;
Go slow on cigaretting;
Be careful what you drink—and, dear
(pleadingly),
DISCRIMINATE in petting.

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Dr. George A. MacElree, Jr.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To prove that the man of today
does no work:

365 Days in the year.
52 Sundays.

313 Balance.
14 Vacation days.

299 Balance.
243 Days off since we play 8 hours
and sleep 8 hours each day.

56 Balance.
26 Days off since we work only
half days Saturday.

30 Balance.
12 Days off since we take one
hour for lunch each day.

18 Balance.
18 Legal holidays.

0 Balance.
∴ Man does absolutely no work.

A woman's crowning glory may be
her hair, but if she goes with Hank
its her legs that get her there.

Gers—What makes the red spot on
your nose?

Matt—Glasses.

Gers—Glasses of what?

Jack Stoney still persists the pur-
pose of the pupillary reflect is to de-
termine the presence or absence of
a glass eye.

Grace—They tell me, doctor, you
are a perfect lady-killer.

Dr. Herman—Oh, no-no! I make
no distinction between the sexes.

Al—For an hour I have been watch-
ing for a chance to steal a kiss, Betty.

Betty—Then I'll give you my
brother's card.

Al—What for?

Betty—My brother's an optometrist.

JUST IMAGINE:

1. Dr. Tait needing a shave.
2. Dr. Morris being anything but exact.
3. Lester Beacher being absent.
4. Anyone but Lou Himes making a motion to adjourn a class meet-
ing.
5. Howe with cigarettes.
6. John Roche without a cigar.
7. Rus. Manwiller with his hair mussed.
8. Hahn being boisterous.
9. Matt Francis making a mistake while doing dynamic.
10. Harry Goldstein leaving school before six P. M.
11. Dutch without a smile, and Manny with one.

REMEMBER:

1. The laws in Ohier—.
2. Young man, are you going to fix those glasses or not?
3. When my grandfather brought over the first Creigleigh.
4. Hooly Holl.
5. Supposing I have a pound of iron in this hand and a gram of copper in this—.
6. The rule for decentration—.
7. I don't know; nobody knows, and what I don't know I won't teach you.

Hear about the patient Al Reeves had with esophonia in the left eye? Oh, yes, she did.

A new course at P. S. C. O. introduced by Dr. Neumueller—The-
atrical Optics.

Dr. Herman—Hale, name a para-
site?

Hale—Me!

Dr. Herman—Yes, name another.

Earl Ridgeway's wife wants to know how to remove chewing gum from a crepe dress. By chewing the rag, Rita.

Compliments of

DR. DAVID W. TAIT

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THIS BOOK

PRIDE in our work,—that thing within us which makes us yearn always for better things, has entered prominently in the production of this book

GLANCING through its pages you scarcely know why you instantly recognize a pleasing difference,—but to those of us who visualized and created the mental ideals of what it should be, it represents the successful culmination of the thoughts and ideas in back of it, and their blending into a harmonious whole.

We are proud of our work, and in entire confidence offer the same co-operation and service to all customers.

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1927



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it through an uncorrected lens*



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